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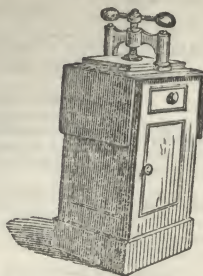
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Prepared and sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOS. KEATINGE, Chemist, &c., No. 79, St. Paul's-churchyard, London, and Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the Kingdom.

BERDOE'S NEW WATER-PROOF PALLIUM, and other WINTER OVER COATS of every kind.

The long established reputation of W. B.'s well known OUTSIDE GARMENTS renders recommendation now almost needless. It was by him the VENTILATING WATERPROOF, also the LIGHT OVER COATS, (now so universally worn), were originally introduced, and ten years' trial has placed their complete success beyond contradiction, as notwithstanding the numerous competitors the extensive sale W. B.'s celebrated WATERPROOF OVER COAT has produced, it unquestionably continues the most permanently popular Garment ever invented.

A LARGE STOCK for the WINTER, and of OUTSIDE GARMENTS adapted to every purpose, guaranteed to exclude any rain whatever, also of SHOOTING JACKETS, now ready, or made to order, at a day's notice.

W. BERDOE, TAILOR and OVER COAT MAKER, 69, CORNHILL, (north side) and 96, NEW BOND STREET, near Oxford Street.

MR. WAKLEY'S TESTIMONY

in favour of MORISON'S PILLS. The following is taken from the *Lancet* of Saturday, July 12, 1834, page 569:—

"Morison pays £7,000 a-year to Government for the Three-hallpenny Stamps. If the sale is not abolished by law, no new enactment for effecting medical reform, will possess the value of the paper on which the clauses are written." So that Mr. Wakley's medical reform, consists in knocking down MORISON'S PILLS, because that Medicine pays £7,000 a-year to Government for Three-hallpenny Stamps. What Lord John Russell and the other honest Members of the Government will think of Mr. Wakley's reason for opposing MORISON'S PILLS may easily be guessed. The world will now understand from the above, the reason of all the opposition of the *Lancet* and pettifogging Doctors to MORISON'S PILLS. Morison pays £7,000 a-year for Stamps—that is the reason!!

N.B. The public is hereby informed that no chemist or druggist is allowed to sell Morison's Pills: they are only to be had of the Hygeian Agents. In places where there is not an agent, the Pills can be forwarded by post, on sending a Post-office order to the British College of Health, London, payable to Messrs. Morison. The British College of Health has now upwards of 500,000 cases of cure, which amply prove the truth of the Hygeian, or Morisonian system: viz., that all diseases arise from Impurity of the Blood.

EDMISTON & SON, TAILORS AND TROWERS MAKERS, 69, STRAND, LONDON.

OPPOSITE THE ADELPHI THEATRE.

CHUBB'S LOCKS AND FIRE-PROOF SAFES.—CHUBB'S New Patent Detector Locks give perfect security from false Keys, and also detect any attempt to open them.

CHUBB'S Patent Fire-proof Safes and Boxes are the best preservatives of deeds, books, plate, &c., from fire and thieves.

Cash Boxes, and Japan Deed Boxes, Street Door Latches with very neat Keys.

C. CHUBB and SON, 57, St. Paul's Churchyard, London; and 23, Lord-street, Liverpool.

RUPTURES.

BAILEY'S TRUSSES are declared

by many eminent Surgeons to be the best; they are light and easy to wear, and if a cure is to be obtained they will effect it. The Patient is carefully attended by Mr. Bailey, or his Assistants, during Twelve Months, for One Guinea (the Truss included;) by this means a proper adjustment being always preserved, the inexperienced will be able to effect their cure in the shortest time possible. Trusses may be had as low as 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. each.

For Trusses send the size of the waist one inch below the hipbone, to W. H. BAILEY, 418, Oxford-street, London.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
HER MAJESTY.

EDE'S HERALDIC INK FOR

STAMPING all kinds of Linen with Coronets, Crests, Ciphers, Names and Devices, more legibly and with the same facility that letters are stamped at the Post Office; warranted not to corrode the Linen, run or wash out. 2s. 6d. per case. Silver Stamps engraved to order. Used at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace; by the Nobility and Gentry, Public Hospitals, Regiments, Ships, &c., &c.

Manufactory, Dorking: whence samples and particulars will be forwarded post free, on application, by EDE and Co.

THE BLOOD PURIFIED AND

HEALTH RESTORED.—Twenty years' trial has proved French's Fluid Extract of Sarsaparilla and Chamomile to be the surest Purifier of the Blood yet offered to the Public. It is truly Vegetable, freed from all gross impurities, containing the very Essence of the ingredients, without any mineral or other deleterious admixture. It will prove the most safe yet speedy Restorative to Old and Young of either sex. It will completely restore the Animal Functions in Advanced Life, and in all cases of Nervous and Consumptive Debility.—Price 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 22s. Prepared only at 309, High Holborn, London.

THE ATRAPILATORY, or

LIQUID HAIR DYE; the only dye that really answers for all colours, and does not require re-dyeing, but as the hair grows, as it never fades or acquires that unnatural red or purple tint common to all other dyes. **BOTANIC WATER and BEAR'S GREASE.**—When the hair is becoming thin and falling off, use only effectual remedy besides shaving the head is the use of the two above-named articles, applied alternately—the botanic water to cleanse the roots from scurf, and as a stimulant, and the bear's grease as a nourisher. **THE NEW TOOTH-PICK BRUSH,** thoroughly cleansing between the teeth, when used up and down, and polishing the surface when used cross-ways. The hair warranted never to come out. **THE UNION and TRIPLE HAIR BRUSHES.** **THE DOUBLE ANTIPRESSURE NAIL BRUSH.** **THE MEDIUM SHAVING BRUSH.** **THE RAILWAY STROP and POWDER.** The above new and elegant articles, in addition to a very extensive assortment of beautiful PERFUMES, are the sole MANUFACTURES and INVENTIONS of MESSRS. ROSS and SONS, 119 and 120, Bishopsgate-street, London.



**F. & C. OSLER'S
GLASS CHANDELIERS,
SINGLE & DOUBLE-LIGHT
LUSTRES, TABLE GLASS, &c.**

in great variety at their
**LONDON WAREHOUSE,
44, OXFORD STREET,
(near Berners Street),
Manufactory, Broad Street,
Birmingham.—Established 1807.**

RICHLY-CUT GLASS CHANDELIERS:—

Carrying 6 Lights, from 7l. 10s. to 30l. each.
" 8 Lights, from 9l. 10s. to 50l. "
10, 12 Lights, and upwards, in proportion.
Handsome Cut Glass Lustres, from 17s. to 10l. per pr.
Theatres and Assembly Rooms lighted by Estimate.
A superior Stock of Foreign Ornamental Glass.
Wholesale and Export Orders on the lowest terms.

HOSKIN'S TOOTH-ACHE SPE-

CIFIC is an INSTANT CURÉ, without pain or injury to the Teeth. In Bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.
MEDICAL REFERENCES.—H. Attenburrow, Esq., Surgeon to the General Hospital, Nottingham; T. Small, Esq., Surgeon, Boston; C. Hyde, Esq., Surgeon, Loughboro'.

London Agents: Barclay and Co., Sutton and Co., and Sangar.—Retail by all Booksellers and Chemists.

MESSRS. LEA AND PERRINS

Proprietors of the WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, beg to submit the following Testimonials as a guarantee to the Public of the superior qualities of this Sauce, and also to caution purchasers against worthless imitations, by observing their names are affixed to the metallic capsule which secures the cork of each bottle, to imitate which is fraud.

Witley Court, Feb. 28, 1846.

Gentlemen,—I have great pleasure and satisfaction in bearing testimony to the rare qualities of your celebrated Worcestershire Sauce, which has long been an accompaniment to the Royal table, and from its peculiar piquancy, combined with exquisite flavour, is now an established favourite. It is often inquired for by families of the highest rank, who have the honour of visiting the Royal residence.

M. MALARET, Chef de Cuisine.

To Messrs. Lea and Perrins, Worcester.

Conservative Club, Feb. 27, 1846.

Gentlemen,—At the request of several members of this club, I introduced your Worcestershire Sauce, and have great pleasure in saying that it has given universal satisfaction.—I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient,

SAMUEL HALLAM, Steward.

To Messrs. Lea and Perrins, Worcester.

Union Club, Feb. 28, 1846.

Gentlemen,—The members of this club have been for some time using your Worcestershire Sauce, and I beg to state that it is highly approved of by them, has superseded several other sauces formerly in use at this establishment, is much called for, and now become the general favourite.—I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

R. WHEELER, Steward.

To Messrs. Lea and Perrins.

Brunswick Hotel, Jermyn-street,
London, March 25, 1846.

Sirs,—I have much pleasure in stating to you my high approval of your Worcestershire Sauce; it is most excellent, and peculiarly adapted for all domestic purposes; and will be constantly used at my hotel, which is honoured with the favours of noblemen and gentlemen.—I am, Sirs, yours respectfully,

JOSEPH PAYNE.

To Messrs. Lea and Perrins, 6, Vere-street, Oxford-street.

Sold wholesale, retail, and for exportation, by the proprietors, Lea and Perrins, 6, Vere-street, Oxford-street, London, and 68, Broad-street, Worcester; also by Messrs. Barclay and Sons; Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, London; and generally by the principal dealers in sauce.

SMITH'S GOLD REVIVER, 1s. 6d.
per Bottle, gives in one instant the splendour of new gilding to the most disfigured frames, by merely touching the surface. **GOLD VARNISH, 1s. 6d.,** repairs defects. May be applied by any one. **ELECTROPLATING LIQUID SILVER, 1s.,** puts a durable coating of pure Silver upon the Copper parts of worn plated articles. Cost and trouble less than cleaning. Sole Manufacturer, Smith, 281, Strand, (exactly opposite Norfolk Street).

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.—T

Thorn that veils the Primrose from our view: not more invidious in Nature than superfluous Hair on the Face, Neck, or Arms of Beauty. For its removal **HUBERT'S ROSEATE POWDER** stands pre-eminent. Beware of Counterfeits. The Genuine has been signed G. H. HOGARD for the last forty years. Sold for the Proprietor by HOOPER, Chemist, 24, Russell Street, Covent Garden; and by most Perfumers. Price 4s.; or two in one parcel, 7s.

JONES'S £4 4s. 0d. Silver, and £12 12s. 0d. GOLD LEVER WATCHES, at 338 Strand, opposite Somerset House. Warranted not to vary more than ½ a minute per week. Mathematically true and elegant. On receipt of a Post Office Order for 1s. above the Price, one will be forwarded free to any part of the Kingdom.—Honourable dealing observed.

GOWLAND'S LOTION, for PURIFYING THE SKIN AND PRESERVING THE COMPLEXION.—

The use of GOWLAND'S LOTION is speedily followed by the disappearance of every species of eruptive malady, discoloration, &c., and the establishment of a pure surface of the skin, accompanied by the brilliant circulation which constitutes the tint of beauty; whilst, as a refresher, it preserves the most susceptible complexion, and sustains to a protracted period the softness of texture and vivacity peculiar to earlier years. "ROBERT SHAW, London," is in white letters on the Government Stamp, without which none is genuine. Price 2s. 9d. and 5s. 6d. quarts 8s. 6d.—Sold by all Perfumers and Medicine Vendors.

Coffee. No.

1	2	3
Mocha.	Arabia.	Jamaica.
2s.	1s. 8d.	1s. 4d.

Tea.

Assam Black.	Green.	Mixed.
5s. and 6s.	6s. and 7s.	5s. 4d.

Superior Almond Iced Wedding Cakes, of the same quality that the family have been noted for the last fifty years.

Real Turtle Soup, 21s. per quart.
Mock ditto, 3s. 6d. ditto.
Ox Tail ditto, 3s. 6d. ditto; and all kinds of Soup at City prices.

British Wines 1s. 3d. per bottle, of 10 different sorts, or 14s. per doz.

To be had of J. W. BURROWS, vendor of Arney's Patent Blanc Mange and Jelly, 38, Upper Albany-street, Regent's Park.

A LITTLE ADDITION to COMFORT.—

In walking, riding, and hunting, almost every man who wears drawers is bothered to keep them in the right place. The new **COMPRIMO BRACE** (registered Act 6 & 7 Vict.) supports at once both drawers and trousers. This simple contrivance keeps the drawers well up in their place, which is essential to the well-fitting of the trousers and comfort of the wearer. Prices 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., to 10s. 6d. A great variety at the warehouse of the inventor, **HENRY POWELL, 102, NEW BOND-STREET**, where can be seen a large assortment of the new registered **TEMPLAR CAPS**, for sleeping, travelling, or soiree, the immense sale of which is the strongest proof of the comfort they afford to the many thousands who have tested them. Night-caps, 1s. to 4s.; Travelling-caps, 5s. 6d. to 18s. Either sent to any part of the kingdom for post-office orders, with 3d. added to price of each.

Finest German Eau de Cologne, 17s. case of 6 bottles, or 3s. per bottle.

UMBRELLAS.

W. & J. SANGSTER,

Manufacturers to H. R. H. Prince Albert, 140, Regent street, 94, Fleet-street, and 10, Royal Exchange, beg to submit their following List of Prices:—
Cotton Umbrellas, for servants, 2s. each.
Gingham ditto, whalebone ribs, 5s. to 7s. 6d.

Ditto do., do., for carriage or chaise, 9s. 6d., to 15s.
Silk do., cane ribs, from 7s.
Ditto whalebone do., from 10s. to 16s.
Ditto do., large size, 18s. to 20s.
Ditto ditto Best quality, partridge canes, 21s.
Ditto ditto ditto ivory butts, 25s.
Ditto ditto steel frames, horn handles, 12s.
Ditto ditto ivory and pearl, do., 15s.
Ditto ditto ditto best, 21s. to 25s.



LADIES' UMBRELLAS.

30 in. Umbrellas, 7s. to 8s. 6d.
Ditto 10s. to 15s.
Ditto steel ribs, 10s. 6d., to 15s.
Ditto ditto 15s. to 21s.
Ornate Umbrellas, of various kinds, for Tourists.

STOOPING OF THE SHOULDERS & CONTRACTION OF THE CHEST,

So injurious in Youth and Persons of all ages, effectually prevented, and gently removed by the occasional use of the IMPROVED ELASTIC CHEST EXPANDER, which is light, simple, easily employed, outwardly or invisibly, without any uncomfortable constraint or impediment to exercise. To Young Persons especially it is highly beneficial, immediately producing an evident Improvement in the Figure, and tending greatly to prevent the incursion of Pulmonary diseases; whilst to the Invalid, and those much engaged in sedentary pursuits, such as Reading or Studying, Working, Drawing or Music, it is found to be invaluable, as it opens the Chest and affords a great support to the back. It is made in Silk; and can be forwarded, per post, by Mr. ALFRED BINYON, No. 40, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London; or full particulars on receipt of a Postage Stamp.



ELEGANCE AND ECONOMY FOR THE TABLE.

WATSON'S NEW ALBATA PLATE.

41 & 42 BARBICAN, CORNER OF PRINCES STREET,
Five minutes' walk from General Post Office,

AND AT 16, NORTON FOLGATE, BISHOPSGATE,
Fifty Doors from the Eastern Counties Railway.

SILVER SUPERSEDED, and those corrosive and injurious metals called Nickel and German Silver supplanted by the introduction of a new and perfectly matchless ALBATA PLATE. C. WATSON, aided by a person of Science in the amalgamation of Metals, has succeeded in bringing to Public Notice the most beautiful article ever yet offered: possessing all the richness of Silver in appearance—with all its durability and hardness—with its perfect sweetness in use—undergoing, as it does, a Chemical Process, by which all that is nameless in mixed Metals is entirely extracted—resisting all Acids—may be cleaned as silver, and is Manufactured in every Article for the Table and Sideboard.

C. WATSON begs the Public will understand that this Metal is peculiarly his own, and that Silver is not more different from Gold, than his Metal is from all others; the Public will therefore have no difficulty in discovering the animus which directs the virulent attacks made against him, by a party who is daily suffering from the unparalleled success which has marked the progress of his New Plate since its introduction. C. W., unlike this party, courts comparison, feeling confident that the result will establish its pre-eminence. Entire Services of Plate Purchased.

Albata Plate.	Fiddle.	Strong Fiddle.	Threaded.	Albata Plate.	Fiddle.	Strong Fiddle.	Threaded.
Table Spoons..	16 6 doz.	1 1 0 doz.	1 10 0 doz.	Egg Spoons..	7 0 doz.	15 0 Gilt	24 0 Gilt
" Forks ..	16 6 "	1 1 0 "	1 10 0 "	Gravy ..	3 6 ea.	4 6 ea.	7 6 ea.
Dessert Spoons	12 6 "	16 6 "	1 5 0 "	Sauce Ladles.	1 9 "	2 3 "	3 9 "
" Forks ..	12 6 "	16 6 "	1 5 0 "	Soup	6 6 "	8 0 "	11 0 "
Tea Spoons ..	5 6 "	8 0 "	13 6 "	Sugar Tongs	1 3 "	1 9 "	3 0 "
Salt Ditto	6 0 "	12 0 Gilt	18 0 gilt	Fish Knives..	5 6 "	8 6 "	12 6 "
Mustard Ditto.	6 0 "	12 0 "	13 6 "	Skewers.....	4d in.		6d in.

Three Papier Mâché Tea Trays, full sizes, ornamented for 35s.—Patent Candle Lamps 9s. 6d.—Solar Lamps to burn common Oil 22s. 6d.—Bronze Fenders 9s. 6d.—Steel Fire Irons 4s. 6d. per set.—Ivory Handle Table Knives, rimmed Shoulders, 11s. per Doz., Dessert 9s. per Doz., Carvers 4s. 6d. per pair.

CAUTION.—WATSON'S NEW ALBATA PLATE can only be had Genuine at the Warehouses of the Inventor, 41 and 42 BARBICAN, corner of Princes street, and at 16, NORTON FOLGATE, Bishopsgate, Wholesale and Retail Jeweller, Silversmith, Cutler, and General Furnishing Hardwareman, Established 1795.

CITY DEPOT FOR PALMER'S CANDLE LAMPS.

N.B.—Every Description of the most approved Oil Lamps.

C. WATSON'S handsomely ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and PRICE CURRENT, is Just Published; and Families who regard economy and elegance, should possess themselves of this useful Book, which may be had **Gratis**, and Post Free from the above address.

THE GENTLEMAN'S REAL HEAD OF HAIR, OR INVISIBLE PERUKE

The principle upon which this Peruke is made is so superior to everything yet produced, that the Manufacturer invites the honour of a visit from the Sceptic and the Connoisseur, that one may be convinced and the other gratified, by inspecting this and other novel and beautiful specimens of the Perruquein Art, at the establishment of the Sole Inventor, F. BROWNE, 47, FENCHURCH-ST..

F. BROWNE'S INFALLIBLE MODE OF MEASURING THE HEAD.

Round the head in manner of a fillet, leaving the Ears loose

As dotted
1 to 1.

Inches. Eighths

From the Forehead over to the poll, as deep each way as required

As dotted
2 to 2.

From one Temple to the other, across the rise or Crown of the head to where the Hair grows

As marked
3 to 3.



THE CHARGE FOR THIS UNIQUE HEAD OF HAIR ONLY £1 10s.



Brown 4s. 6d. per bottle,
Pale 5s. ditto.



3s. per bottle.



10s. per doz. large bottles
7s. per doz. small ditto
exclusive of carriage from
London.

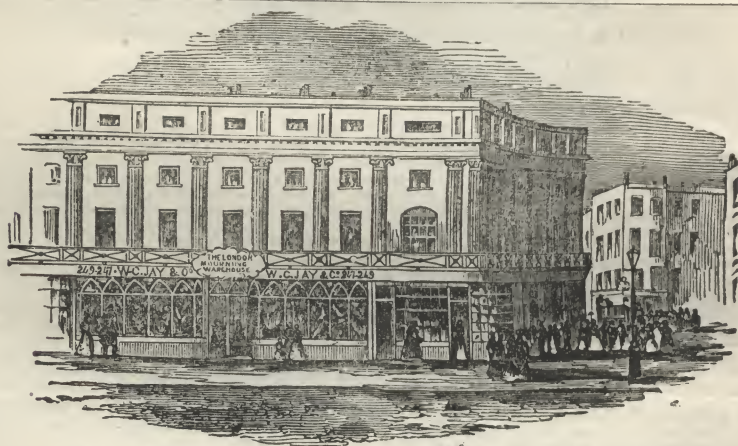
"THE STANDARD OF COGNAC,"

WHICH IS THE BEST FOREIGN BRANDY.

THE PATENT BRANDY, AND THE GENUINE SELTERS WATER

protected by the Patent Metallic Capsule, the only sure and self-evident safeguard against adulteration, can be obtained throughout the Kingdom at the respective prices above mentioned, or at

7, SMITHFIELD BARS, AND 96, ST. JOHN'S STREET, LONDON.



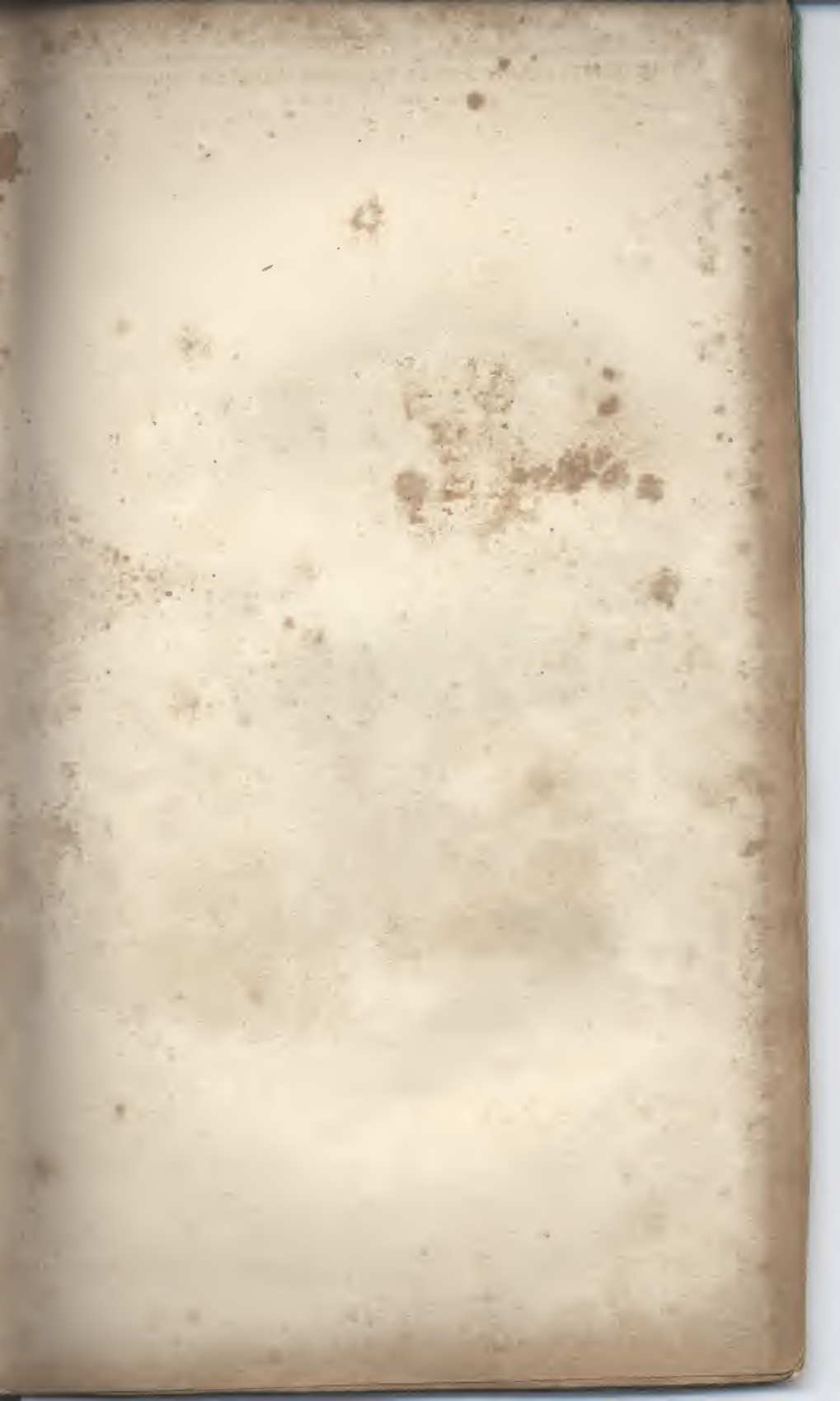
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE.

Nos. 247 and 249, REGENT STREET, two doors from Oxford Street.

The Proprietors of the above Establishment beg leave to call the attention of the Nobility and Ladies to its great utility. It has ever been a source of inconvenience and regret, on occasions when Mourning Attire has been required, that its purchasers have at such a time been compelled to the painful necessity of proceeding from shop to shop in search of each distinct article of dress. This may be completely obviated by a visit to the London General Mourning Warehouse, where every description of Paramatta, Alapine, Bombasin, Merino, and Crape for Mourning Dresses, Gloves, Hosiery, and Haberdashery, can be bought on the most reasonable terms, and where everything necessary for a complete Outfit of Mourning may be had, and made up, if required, by experienced Artists, with the strictest attention to taste, elegance, and economy. Widows' and Family Mourning is always kept made up, so that Ladies may by a Note, descriptive of Mourning required (either for themselves or household), have it forwarded to them in Town or Country immediately. Silks for slight or Complimentary Mourning, Printed Muslin Dresses, Mouseline de Laines, Barèges, and Evening Dresses, in the greatest variety.

THE MILLINERY ROOMS

contain a beautiful assortment of Millinery, Head Dresses, Flowers, Crape and Muslin Collars, Berthes, &c., with every description of Jewellery for Mourning.





The Christening Party



Polly rescues the Charitable Founder

CHAPTER V.

PAUL'S PROGRESS AND CHRISTENING.

LITTLE Paul, suffering no contamination from the blood of the Toodles grew stouter and stronger every day. Every day, too, he was more and more ardently cherished by Miss Tox, whose devotion was so far appreciated by Mr. Dombey that he began to regard her as a woman of great natural good sense, whose feelings did her credit and deserved encouragement. He was so lavish of his condescension, that he not only bowed to her, in a particular manner, on several occasions, but even entrusted such stately recognitions of her to his sister as "pray tell your friend, Louisa, that she is very good," or "mention to Miss Tox, Louisa, that I am obliged to her;" specialities which made a deep impression on the lady thus distinguished.

Miss Tox was often in the habit of assuring Mrs. Chick, that "nothing could exceed her interest in all connected with the development of that sweet child;" and an observer of Miss Tox's proceedings might have inferred so much without declaratory confirmation. She would preside over the innocent repasts of the young heir, with ineffable satisfaction; almost with an air of joint proprietorship with Richards in the entertainment. At the little ceremonies of the bath and toilette, she assisted with enthusiasm. The administration of infantine doses of physic awakened all the active sympathy of her character; and being on one occasion secreted in a cupboard (whither she had fled in modesty), when Mr. Dombey was introduced into the nursery by his sister, to behold his son, in the course of preparation for bed, taking a short walk uphill over Richards's gown, in a short and airy linen jacket, Miss Tox was so transported beyond the ignorant present as to be unable to refrain from crying out, "Is he not beautiful, Mr. Dombey! Is he not a Cupid, sir!" and then almost sinking behind the closet door with confusion and blushes.

"Louisa," said Mr. Dombey, one day, to his sister, "I really think I must present your friend with some little token, on the occasion of Paul's christening. She has exerted herself so warmly in the child's behalf from the first, and seems to understand her position so thoroughly (a very rare merit in this world, I am sorry to say), that it would really be agreeable to me to notice her."

Let it be no detraction from the merits of Miss Tox, to hint that in Mr. Dombey's eyes, as in some others that occasionally see the light, they only achieved that mighty piece of knowledge, the understanding of their own position, who showed a fitting reverence for his. It was not so much their merit that they knew themselves, as that they knew him, and bowed low before him.

"My dear Paul," returned his sister, "you do Miss Tox but justice, as a man of your penetration was sure, I knew, to do. I believe if there are three words in the English language for which she has a respect amounting almost to veneration, those words are, Dombey and Son."

"Well," said Mr. Dombey, "I believe it. It does Miss Tox credit."

"And as to anything in the shape of a token, my dear Paul," pursued his sister, "all I can say is that anything you give Miss Tox will be hoarded and prized, I am sure, like a relic. But there *is* a way, my dear Paul, of showing your sense of Miss Tox's friendliness in a still more flattering and acceptable manner, if you should be so inclined."

"How is that?" asked Mr. Dombey.

"Godfathers, of course," continued Mrs. Chick, "are important in point of connexion and influence."

"I don't know why they should be, to my son," said Mr. Dombey coldly.

"Very true, my dear Paul," retorted Mrs. Chick, with an extraordinary show of animation, to cover the suddenness of her conversion; "and spoken like yourself. I might have expected nothing else from you. I might have known that such would have been your opinion. Perhaps;" here Mrs. Chick faltered again, as not quite comfortably feeling her way; "perhaps that is a reason why you might have the less objection to allowing Miss Tox to be godmother to the dear thing, if it were only as deputy and proxy for some one else. That it would be received as a great honour and distinction, Paul, I need not say."

"Louisa," said Mr. Dombey, after a short pause, "it is not to be supposed—"

"Certainly not," cried Mrs. Chick, hastening to anticipate a refusal, "I never thought it was."

Mr. Dombey looked at her impatiently.

"Don't flurry me, my dear Paul," said his sister; "for that destroys me. I am far from strong. I have not been quite myself, since poor dear Fanny departed."

Mr. Dombey glanced at the pocket-handkerchief which his sister applied to her eyes, and resumed:

"It is not to be supposed, I say—"

"And I say," murmured Mrs. Chick, "that I never thought it was."

"Good Heaven, Louisa!" said Mr. Dombey.

"No, my dear Paul," she remonstrated with tearful dignity, "I must really be allowed to speak. I am not so clever, or so reasoning, or so eloquent, or so anything, as you are. I know that very well. So much the worse for me. But if they were the last words I had to utter—and last words should be very solemn to you and me, Paul, after poor dear Fanny—I would still say I never thought it was. And what is more," added Mrs. Chick with increased dignity, as if she had withheld her crushing argument until now, "I never *did* think it was."

Mr. Dombey walked to the window and back again.

"It is not to be supposed, Louisa," he said (Mrs. Chick had nailed her colours to the mast, and repeated "I know it isn't," but he took no notice of it), "but that there are many persons who, supposing that I recognized any claim at all in such a case, have a claim upon me superior to Miss Tox's. But I do not. I recognize no such thing. Paul and myself will be able, when the time comes, to hold our own—the house, in other words, will be able to hold its own, and maintain its own, and hand down its own of itself, and without any such common-place aids. The kind of

foreign help which people usually seek for their children, I can afford to despise; being above it, I hope. So that Paul's infancy and childhood pass away well, and I see him becoming qualified without waste of time for the career on which he is destined to enter, I am satisfied. He will make what powerful friends he pleases in after-life, when he is actively maintaining—and extending, if that is possible—the dignity and credit of the Firm. Until then, I am enough for him, perhaps, and all in all. I have no wish that people should step in between us. I would much rather show my sense of the obliging conduct of a deserving person like your friend. Therefore let it be so; and your husband and myself will do well enough for the other sponsors, I dare say.”

In the course of these remarks, delivered with great majesty and grandeur, Mr. Dombey had truly revealed the secret feelings of his breast. An indescribable distrust of anybody stepping in between himself and his son; a haughty dread of having any rival or partner in the boy's respect and deference; a sharp misgiving, recently acquired, that he was not infallible in his power of bending and binding human wills; as sharp a jealousy of any second check or cross; these were, at that time, the master keys of his soul. In all his life, he had never made a friend. His cold and distant nature had neither sought one, nor found one. And now, when that nature concentrated its whole force so strongly on a partial scheme of parental interest and ambition, it seemed as if its icy current, instead of being released by this influence, and running clear and free, had thawed for but an instant to admit its burden, and then frozen with it into one unyielding block.

Elevated thus to the godmotherhood of little Paul, in virtue of her insignificance, Miss Tox was from that hour chosen and appointed to office; and Mr. Dombey further signified his pleasure that the ceremony, already long delayed, should take place without further postponement. His sister, who had been far from anticipating so signal a success, withdrew as soon as she could, to communicate it to her best of friends; and Mr. Dombey was left alone in his library.

There was anything but solitude in the nursery; for there, Mrs. Chick and Miss Tox were enjoying a social evening, so much to the disgust of Miss Susan Nipper that that young lady embraced every opportunity of making wry faces behind the door. Her feelings were so much excited on the occasion, that she found it indispensable to afford them this relief, even without having the comfort of any audience or sympathy whatever. As the knight-errants of old relieved their minds by carving their mistress's names in deserts, and wildernesses, and other savage places where there was no probability of there ever being anybody to read them, so did Miss Susan Nipper curl her snub nose into drawers and wardrobes, put away winks of disparagement in cupboards, shed derisive squints into stone pitchers, and contradict and call names out in the passage.

The two interlopers, however, blissfully unconscious of the young lady's sentiments, saw little Paul safe through all the stages of undressing, airy exercise, supper and bed; and then sat down to tea before the fire. The two children now lay, through the good offices of Polly, in one room; and it was not until the ladies were established at their tea-table that, happening to look towards the little beds, they thought of Florence.

"How sound she sleeps!" said Miss Tox.

"Why, you know, my dear, she takes a great deal of exercise in the course of the day," returned Mrs. Chick, "playing about little Paul so much."

"She is a curious child," said Miss Tox.

"My dear," retorted Mrs. Chick, in a low voice: "Her mama, all over!"

"In-deed!" said Miss Tox. "Ah dear me!"

A tone of most extraordinary compassion Miss Tox said it in, though she had no distinct idea why, except that it was expected of her.

"Florence will never, never, never, be a Dombey," said Mrs. Chick, "not if she lives to be a thousand years old."

Miss Tox elevated her eyebrows, and was again full of commiseration.

"I quite fret and worry myself about her," said Mrs. Chick, with a sigh of modest merit. "I really don't see what is to become of her when she grows older, or what position she is to take. She don't gain on her papa in the least. How can one expect she should, when she is so very unlike a Dombey?"

Miss Tox looked as if she saw no way out of such a cogent argument as that, at all.

"And the child, you see," said Mrs. Chick, in deep confidence, "has poor dear Fanny's nature. She'll never make an effort in after-life, I'll venture to say. Never! She'll never wind and twine herself about her papa's heart like —"

"Like the ivy?" suggested Miss Tox.

"Like the ivy," Mrs. Chick assented. "Never! She'll never glide and nestle into the bosom of her papa's affections like—the—"

"Startled fawn?" suggested Miss Tox.

"Like the startled fawn," said Mrs. Chick. "Never! Poor Fanny! Yet, how I loved her!"

"You must not distress yourself, my dear," said Miss Tox, in a soothing voice. "Now, really! You have too much feeling."

"We have all our faults," said Mrs. Chick, weeping and shaking her head. "I dare say we have. I never was blind to hers. I never said I was. Far from it. Yet how I loved her!"

What a satisfaction it was to Mrs. Chick—a common-place piece of folly enough, compared with whom her sister-in-law had been a very angel of womanly intelligence and gentleness—to patronise and be tender to the memory of that lady: in exact pursuance of her conduct to her in her lifetime: and to thoroughly believe herself, and take herself in, and make herself uncommonly comfortable on the strength of her toleration! What a mighty pleasant virtue toleration should be when we are right, to be so very pleasant when we are wrong, and quite unable to demonstrate how we come to be invested with the privilege of exercising it!

Mrs. Chick was yet drying her eyes and shaking her head, when Richards made bold to caution her that Miss Florence was awake and sitting in her bed. She had risen, as the nurse said, and the lashes of her eyes were wet with tears. But no one saw them glistening save Polly. No one else leant over her, and whispered soothing words to her, or was near enough to hear the flutter of her beating heart.

"Oh! dear nurse!" said the child, looking earnestly up in her face, "let me lie by my brother!"

"Why, my pet?" said Richards.

"Oh! I think he loves me," cried the child wildly. "Let me lie by him. Pray do!"

Mrs. Chick interposed with some motherly words about going to sleep like a dear, but Florence repeated her supplication, with a frightened look, and in a voice broken by sobs and tears.

"I'll not wake him," she said, covering her face and hanging down her head. "I'll only touch him with my hand, and go to sleep. Oh, pray, pray, let me lie by my brother to night, for I believe he's fond of me!"

Richards took her without a word, and carrying her to the little bed in which the infant was sleeping, laid her down by his side. She crept as near him as she could without disturbing his rest; and stretching out one arm so that it timidly embraced his neck, and hiding her face on the other, over which her damp and scattered hair fell loose, lay motionless.

"Poor little thing," said Miss Tox; "she has been dreaming, I dare say."

This trivial incident had so interrupted the current of conversation, that it was difficult of resumption; and Mrs. Chick moreover had been so affected by the contemplation of her own tolerant nature, that she was not in spirits. The two friends accordingly soon made an end of their tea, and a servant was despatched to fetch a hackney cabriolet for Miss Tox. Miss Tox had great experience in hackney cabs, and her starting in one was generally a work of time, as she was systematic in the preparatory arrangements.

"Have the goodness, if you please, Towlinson," said Miss Tox, "first of all, to carry out a pen and ink and take his number legibly."

"Yes, Miss," said Towlinson.

"Then, if you please, Towlinson," said Miss Tox, "have the goodness to turn the cushion. Which," said Miss Tox apart to Mrs. Chick, "is generally damp, my dear."

"Yes, Miss," said Towlinson.

"I'll trouble you also, if you please, Towlinson," said Miss Tox, "with this card and this shilling. He's to drive to the card, and is to understand that he will not on any account have more than the shilling."

"No, Miss," said Towlinson.

"And—I'm sorry to give you so much trouble, Towlinson,"—said Miss Tox, looking at him pensively.

"Not at all, Miss," said Towlinson.

"Mention to the man, then, if you please, Towlinson," said Miss Tox, "that the lady's uncle is a magistrate, and that if he gives her any of his impertinence he will be punished terribly. You can pretend to say that, if you please, Towlinson, in a friendly way, and because you know it was done to another man who died."

"Certainly, Miss," said Towlinson.

"And now good night to my sweet, sweet, sweet, godson," said Miss Tox, with a soft shower of kisses at each repetition of the adjective; "and Louisa, my dear friend, promise me to take a little something warm before you go to bed, and not to distress yourself!"

It was with extreme difficulty that Nipper, the black-eyed, who looked on steadfastly, contained herself at this crisis, and until the subsequent

departure of Mrs. Chick. But the nursery being at length free of visitors, she made herself some recompense for her late restraint.

"You might keep me in a strait-waistcoat for six weeks," said Nipper, "and when I got it off I'd only be more aggravated, who ever heard the like of them two Griffins, Mrs. Richards?"

"And then to talk of her having been dreaming, poor dear!" said Polly.

"Oh you beauties!" cried Susan Nipper, affecting to salute the door by which the ladies had departed. "Never be a Dombey won't she, it's to be hoped she won't, we don't want any more such, one's enough."

"Don't wake the children, Susan dear," said Polly.

"I'm very much beholden to you, Mrs. Richards," said Susan, who was not by any means discriminating in her wrath, "and really feel it as a honour to receive your commands, being a black slave and a mulotter. Mrs. Richards, if there's any other orders you can give me, pray mention 'em."

"Nonsense; orders," said Polly.

"Oh! bless your heart, Mrs. Richards," cried Susan, "temporaries always orders permanencies here, didn't you know that, why wherever was you born, Mrs. Richards? But wherever you was born, Mrs. Richards," pursued Spitfire, shaking her head resolutely, "and whenever, and however (which is best known to yourself), you may bear in mind, please, that it's one thing to give orders, and quite another thing to take 'em. A person may tell a person to dive off a bridge head foremost into five-and-forty feet of water, Mrs. Richards, but a person may be very far from diving."

"There now," said Polly, "you're angry because you're a good little thing, and fond of Miss Florence; and yet you turn round on me, because there's nobody else."

"It's very easy for some to keep their tempers, and be soft-spoken, Mrs. Richards," returned Susan, slightly mollified, "when their child's made as much of as a prince, and is petted and patted till it wishes its friends further, but when a sweet young pretty innocent, that never ought to have a cross word spoken to or of it, is run down, the case is very different indeed. My goodness gracious me, Miss Floy, you naughty, sinful child, if you don't shut your eyes this minute, I'll call in them hobgoblins that lives in the cock-loft to come and eat you up alive!"

Here Miss Nipper made a horrible howling, supposed to issue from a conscientious goblin of the bull species, impatient to discharge the severe duty of his position. Having further composed her young charge by covering her head with the bed-clothes, and making three or four angry dabs at the pillow, she folded her arms, and screwed up her mouth, and sat looking at the fire for the rest of the evening.

Though little Paul was said, in nursery phrase, "to take a deal of notice for his age," he took as little notice of all this as of the preparations for his christening on the next day but one; which nevertheless went on about him, as to his personal apparel, and that of his sister and the two nurses, with great activity. Neither did he, on the arrival of the appointed morning, show any sense of its importance; being, on the contrary, unusually inclined to sleep, and unusually inclined to take it ill in his attendants that they dressed him to go out.

It happened to be an iron-grey autumnal day, with a shrewd east wind blowing—a day in keeping with the proceedings. Mr. Dombey represented

in himself the wind, the shade, and autumn of the christening. He stood in his library to receive the company, as hard and cold as the weather; and when he looked out through the glass room, at the trees in the little garden, their brown and yellow leaves came fluttering down, as if he blighted them.

Ugh! They were black, cold rooms; and seemed to be in mourning, like the inmates of the house. The books precisely matched as to size, and drawn up in line, like soldiers, looked in their cold, hard, slippery uniforms, as if they had but one idea among them, and that was a freezer. The bookcase, glazed and locked, repudiated all familiarities. Mr. Pitt, in bronze, on the top, with no trace of his celestial origin about him, guarded the unattainable treasure like an enchanted Moor. A dusty urn at each high corner, dug up from an ancient tomb, preached desolation and decay, as from two pulpits; and the chimney-glass, reflecting Mr. Dombey and his portrait at one blow, seemed fraught with melancholy meditations.

The stiff and stark fire-irons appeared to claim a nearer relationship than anything else there to Mr. Dombey, with his buttoned coat, his white cravat, his heavy gold watch-chain, and his creaking boots. But this was before the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Chick, his lawful relatives, who soon presented themselves.

"My dear Paul," Mrs. Chick murmured, as she embraced him, "the beginning, I hope, of many joyful days!"

"Thank you, Louisa," said Mr. Dombey, grimly. "How do you do, Mr. John?"

"How do you do, Sir," said Chick.

He gave Mr. Dombey his hand, as if he feared it might electrify him. Mr. Dombey took it as if it were a fish, or seaweed, or some such clammy substance, and immediately returned it to him with exalted politeness.

"Perhaps, Louisa," said Mr. Dombey, slightly turning his head in his cravat, as if it were a socket, "you would have preferred a fire?"

"Oh, my dear Paul, no," said Mrs. Chick, who had much ado to keep her teeth from chattering; "not for me."

"Mr. John," said Mr. Dombey, "you are not sensible of any chill?"

Mr. John, who had already got both his hands in his pockets over the wrists, and was on the very threshold of that same canine chorus which had given Mrs. Chick so much offence on a former occasion, protested that he was perfectly comfortable.

He added in a low voice, "With my tiddle tol toor rul"—when he was providentially stopped by Towlinson, who announced:

"Miss Tox!"

And enter that fair enslaver, with a blue nose and an indescribably frosty face, referable to her being very thinly clad in a maze of fluttering odds and ends, to do honor to the ceremony.

"How do you do, Miss Tox," said Mr. Dombey.

Miss Tox in the midst of her spreading gauzes, went down altogether like an opera-glass shutting-up; she curtsied so low, in acknowledgment of Mr. Dombey's advancing a step or two to meet her.

"I can never forget this occasion, Sir," said Miss Tox, softly. "'Tis impossible. My dear Louisa, I can hardly believe the evidence of my senses."

If Miss Tox could believe the evidence of one of her senses, it was a very cold day. That was quite clear. She took an early opportunity of promoting the circulation in the tip of her nose by secretly chafing it with her pocket handkerchief, lest, by its very low temperature, it should disagreeably astonish the baby when she came to kiss it.

The baby soon appeared, carried in great glory by Richards; while Florence, in custody of that active young constable, Susan Nipper, brought up the rear. Though the whole nursery party were dressed by this time in lighter mourning than at first, there was enough in the appearance of the bereaved children to make the day no brighter. The baby too—it might have been Miss Tox's nose—began to cry. Thereby, as it happened, preventing Mr. Chick from the awkward fulfilment of a very honest purpose he had; which was, to make much of Florence. For this gentleman, insensible to the superior claims of a perfect Dombey (perhaps on account of having the honour to be united to a Dombey himself, and being familiar with excellence), really liked her, and shewed that he liked her, and was about to shew it in his own way now, when Paul cried, and his helpmate stopped him short.

"Now Florence child!" said her aunt, briskly, "what are you doing, love? Shew yourself to him. Engage his attention, my dear!"

The atmosphere became or might have become colder and colder, when Mr. Dombey stood frigidly watching his little daughter, who, clapping her hands, and standing on tiptoe before the throne of his son and heir, lured him to bend down from his high estate, and look at her. Some honest act of Richards' may have aided the effect, but he did look down, and held his peace. As his sister hid behind her nurse, he followed her with his eyes; and when she peeped out with a merry cry to him, he sprang up and crowed lustily—laughing outright when she ran in upon him; and seeming to fondle her curls with his tiny hands, while she smothered him with kisses.

Was Mr. Dombey pleased to see this? He testified no pleasure by the relaxation of a nerve; but outward tokens of any kind of feeling were unusual with him. If any sunbeam stole into the room to light the children at their play, it never reached his face. He looked on so fixedly and coldly, that the warm light vanished even from the laughing eyes of little Florence, when, at last, they happened to meet his.

It was a dull, grey, autumn day indeed, and in a minute's pause and silence that took place, the leaves fell sorrowfully.

"Mr. John," said Mr. Dombey, referring to his watch, and assuming his hat and gloves. "Take my sister, if you please: my arm to-day is Miss Tox's. You had better go first with Master Paul, Richards. Be very careful."

In Mr. Dombey's carriage, Dombey and Son, Miss Tox, Mrs. Chick, Richards, and Florence. In a little carriage following it, Susan Nipper and the owner Mr. Chick. Susan looking out of window, without intermission, as a relief from the embarrassment of confronting the large face of that gentleman, and thinking whenever anything rattled that he was putting up in paper an appropriate pecuniary compliment for herself.

Once upon the road to church, Mr. Dombey clapped his hands for the amusement of his son. At which instance of parental enthusiasm Miss

Tox was enchanted. But exclusive of this incident, the chief difference between the christening party and a party in a mourning coach, consisted in the colours of the carriage and horses.

Arrived at the church steps, they were received by a portentous beadle. Mr. Dombey dismounting first to help the ladies out, and standing near him at the coach door, looked like another beadle. A beadle less gorgeous but more dreadful; the beadle of private life; the beadle of our business and our bosoms.

Miss Tox's hand trembled as she slipped it through Mr. Dombey's arm, and felt herself escorted up the steps, preceded by a cocked hat and a Babylonian collar. It seemed for a moment like that other solemn institution "Wilt thou have this man, Lucretia?" "Yes, I will."

"Please to bring the child in quick out of the air there," whispered the beadle, holding open the inner door of the church.

Little Paul might have asked with Hamlet "into my grave?" so chill and earthy was the place. The tall shrouded pulpit and reading desk; the dreary perspective of empty pews stretching away under the galleries, and empty benches mounting to the roof and lost in the shadow of the great grim organ; the dusty matting and cold stone slabs; the grisly free seats in the aisles; and the damp corner by the bell-rope, where the black tressels used for funerals were stowed away, along with some shovels and baskets, and a coil or two of deadly-looking rope; the strange, unusual, uncomfortable smell, and the cadaverous light; were all in unison. It was a cold and dismal scene.

"There's a wedding just on, sir," said the beadle, "but it'll be over directly, if you'll walk into the westry here."

Before he turned again to lead the way, he gave Mr. Dombey a bow and a half smile of recognition, importing that he (the beadle) remembered to have had the pleasure of attending on him when he buried his wife, and hoped he had enjoyed himself since.

The very wedding looked dismal as they passed in front of the altar. The bride was too old and the bridegroom too young, and a superannuated beau with one eye and an eye-glass stuck in its blank companion, was giving away the lady, while the friends were shivering. In the vestry the fire was smoking; and an over-aged and over-worked and underpaid attorney's clerk, "making a search," was running his forefinger down the parchment pages of an immense register (one of a long series of similar volumes) gorged with burials. Over the fireplace was a ground-plan of the vaults underneath the church; and Mr. Chick, skimming the literary portion of it aloud, by way of enlivening the company, read the reference to Mrs. Dombey's tomb in full, before he could stop himself.

After another cold interval, a wheezy little pew-opener afflicted with an asthma, appropriate to the churchyard, if not to the church, summoned them to the font. Here they waited some little time while the marriage party enrolled themselves; and meanwhile the wheezy little pew-opener—partly in consequence of her infirmity, and partly that the marriage party might not forget her—went about the building coughing like a grampus.

Presently the clerk (the only cheerful-looking object there, and *he* was an undertaker) came up with a jug of warm water, and said something, as he poured it into the font, about taking the chill off; which millions of

gallons boiling hot could not have done for the occasion. Then the clergyman, an amiable and mild-looking young curate, but obviously afraid of the baby, appeared like the principal character in a ghost-story, "a tall figure all in white;" at sight of whom Paul rent the air with his cries, and never left off again till he was taken out black in the face.

Even when that event had happened, to the great relief of everybody, he was heard under the portico, during the rest of the ceremony, now fainter, now louder, now hushed, now bursting forth again with an irrepressible sense of his wrongs. This so distracted the attention of the two ladies, that Mrs. Chick was constantly deploying into the centre aisle, to send out messages by the pew-opener, while Miss Tox kept her Prayer-book open at the Gunpowder Plot, and occasionally read responses from that service.

During the whole of these proceedings, Mr. Dombey remained as impassive and gentlemanly as ever, and perhaps assisted in making it so cold, that the young curate smoked at the mouth as he read. The only time that he unbent his visage in the least, was when the clergyman, in delivering (very unaffectedly and simply) the closing exhortation, relative to the future examination of the child by the sponsors, happened to rest his eye on Mr. Chick; and then Mr. Dombey might have been seen to express by a majestic look, that he would like to catch him at it.

It might have been well for Mr. Dombey, if he had thought of his own dignity a little less; and had thought of the great origin and purpose of the ceremony in which he took so formal and so stiff a part, a little more. His arrogance contrasted strangely with its history.

When it was all over, he again gave his arm to Miss Tox, and conducted her to the vestry, where he informed the clergyman how much pleasure it would have given him to have solicited the honour of his company at dinner, but for the unfortunate state of his household affairs. The register signed, and the fees paid, and the pew-opener (whose cough was very bad again) remembered, and the beadle gratified, and the sexton (who was accidentally on the door-steps, looking with great interest at the weather) not forgotten, they got into the carriages again, and drove home in the same bleak fellowship.

There they found Mr. Pitt turning up his nose at a cold collation, set forth in a cold pomp of glass and silver, and looking more like a dead dinner lying in state than a social refreshment. On their arrival, Miss Tox produced a mug for her godson, and Mr. Chick a knife and fork and spoon in a case. Mr. Dombey also produced a bracelet for Miss Tox; and, on the receipt of this token, Miss Tox was tenderly affected.

"Mr. John," said Mr. Dombey, "will you take the bottom of the table, if you please. What have you got there, Mr. John?"

"I have got a cold fillet of veal here, Sir," replied Mr. Chick, rubbing his numbed hands hard together, "what have *you* got there, Sir?"

"This," returned Mr. Dombey, "is some cold preparation of calf's head, I think. I see cold fowls—ham—patties—salad—lobster. Miss Tox will do me the honour of taking some wine? Champagne to Miss Tox."

There was a toothache in everything. The wine was so bitter cold that it forced a little scream from Miss Tox, which she had great difficulty in turning into a "Hem!" The veal had come from such an airy pantry,

that the first taste of it struck a sensation as of cold lead to Mr. Chick's extremities. Mr. Dombey alone remained unmoved. He might have been hung up for sale at a Russian fair as a specimen of a frozen gentleman.

The prevailing influence was too much even for his sister. She made no effort at flattery or small-talk, and directed all her efforts to looking as warm as she could.

"Well, Sir," said Mr. Chick, making a desperate plunge, after a long silence, and filling a glass of sherry; "I shall drink this, if you'll allow me, Sir, to little Paul."

"Bless him!" murmured Miss Tox, taking a sip of wine.

"Dear little Dombey!" murmured Mrs. Chick.

"Mr. John," said Mr. Dombey, with severe gravity, "my son would feel and express himself obliged to you, I have no doubt, if he could appreciate the favour you have done him. He will prove, in time to come, I trust, equal to any responsibility that the obliging disposition of his relations and friends, in private, or the onerous nature of our position, in public, may impose upon him."

The tone in which this was said admitting of nothing more, Mr. Chick relapsed into low spirits and silence. Not so Miss Tox, who, having listened to Mr. Dombey with even a more emphatic attention than usual, and with a more expressive tendency of her head to one side, now leant across the table, and said to Mrs. Chick softly:

"Louisa!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Chick.

"Onerous nature of our position in public, may—I have forgotten the exact term."

"Expose him to," said Mrs. Chick.

"Pardon me, my dear," returned Miss Tox, "I think not. It was more rounded and flowing. Obliging disposition of relations and friends in private, or onerous nature of position in public—may—impose upon him?"

"Impose upon him, to be sure," said Mrs. Chick.

Miss Tox struck her delicate hands together lightly, in triumph; and added, casting up her eyes, "eloquence indeed!"

Mr. Dombey, in the meanwhile, had issued orders for the attendance of Richards, who now entered eurtseying, but without the baby; Paul being asleep after the fatigues of the morning. Mr. Dombey, having delivered a glass of wine to this vassal, addressed her in the following words: Miss Tox previously settling her head on one side, and making other little arrangements for engraving them on her heart.

"During the six months or so, Richards, which have seen you an inmate of this house, you have done your duty. Desiring to connect some little service to you with this occasion, I considered how I could best effect that object, and I also advised with my sister Mrs. —"

"Chick," interposed the gentleman of that name.

"Oh, hush if you please!" said Miss Tox.

"I was about to say to you, Richards," resumed Mr. Dombey, with an appalling glance at Mr. John, "that I was further assisted in my decision, by the recollection of a conversation I held with your husband in this room, on the occasion of your being hired, when he disclosed to me the

melancholy fact that your family, himself at their head, were sunk and steeped in ignorance."

Richards quailed under the magnificence of the reproof.

"I am far from being friendly," pursued Mr. Dombey, "to what is called by persons of levelling sentiments, general education. But it is necessary that the inferior classes should continue to be taught to know their position, and to conduct themselves properly. So far I approve of schools. Having the power of nominating a child on the foundation of an ancient establishment, called (from a worshipful company) the Charitable Grinders; where not only is a wholesome education bestowed upon the scholars, but where a dress and badge is likewise provided for them; I have (first communicating, through Mrs. Chick, with your family) nominated your eldest son to an existing vacancy; and he has this day, I am informed, assumed the habit. The number of her son, I believe," said Mr. Dombey, turning to his sister and speaking of the child as if he were a hackney coach, "is one hundred and forty-seven. Louisa, you can tell her."

"One hundred and forty-seven," said Mrs. Chick. "The dress, Richards, is a nice, warm, blue baize tailed coat and cap, turned up with orange-coloured binding; red worsted stockings; and very strong leather small-clothes. One might wear the articles one's-self," said Mrs. Chick, with enthusiasm, "and be grateful."

"There, Richards!" said Miss Tox. "Now, indeed, you *may* be proud. The Charitable Grinders!"

"I am sure I am very much obliged, Sir," returned Richards faintly, "and take it very kind that you should remember my little ones." At the same time a vision of Biler as a Charitable Grinder, with his very small legs encased in the serviceable clothing described by Mrs. Chick, swam before Richards' eyes, and made them water.

"I am very glad to see you have so much feeling, Richards," said Miss Tox.

"It makes one almost hope, it really does," said Mrs. Chick, who prided herself on taking trustful views of human nature, "that there may yet be some faint spark of gratitude and right feeling left in the world."

Richards deferred to these compliments by curtsying and murmuring her thanks; but finding it quite impossible to recover her spirits from the disorder into which they had been thrown by the image of her son in his precocious nether garments, she gradually approached the door and was heartily relieved to escape by it.

Such temporary indications of a partial thaw as had appeared with her, vanished with her; and the frost set in again, as cold and hard as ever. Mr. Chick was twice heard to hum a tune at the bottom of the table, but on both occasions it was a fragment of the Dead March in Saul. The party seemed to get colder and colder, and to be gradually resolving itself into a congealed and solid state, like the collation round which it was assembled. At length Mrs. Chick looked at Miss Tox, and Miss Tox returned the look, and they both rose and said it was really time to go. Mr. Dombey receiving this announcement with perfect equanimity, they took leave of that gentleman, and presently departed under the protection of Mr. Chick; who, when they had turned their backs upon the house and left its master

in his usual solitary state, put his hands in his pockets, threw himself back in the carriage, and whistled "With a hey ho chevy!" all through; conveying into his face as he did so, an expression of such gloomy and terrible defiance, that Mrs. Chick dared not protest, or in any way molest him.

Richards, though she had little Paul on her lap, could not forget her own first-born. She felt it was ungrateful; but the influence of the day fell even on the Charitable Grinders, and she could hardly help regarding his pewter badge, number one hundred and forty-seven, as, somehow, a part of its formality and sternness. She spoke, too, in the nursery, of his "blessed legs," and was again troubled by his spectre in uniform.

"I don't know what I wouldn't give," said Polly, "to see the poor little dear before he gets used to 'em."

"Why, then, I tell you what, Mrs. Richards," retorted Nipper, who had been admitted to her confidence, "see him and make your mind easy."

"Mr. Dombey wouldn't like it," said Polly.

"Oh wouldn't he, Mrs. Richards!" retorted Nipper, "he'd like it very much, I think, when he was asked."

"You wouldn't ask him, I suppose, at all?" said Polly.

"No, Mrs. Richards, quite contrary," returned Susan, "and them two inspectors Tox and Chick, not intending to be on duty to-morrow, as I heard 'em say, me and Miss Floy will go along with you to morrow morning, and welcome, Mrs. Richards, if you like, for we may as well walk there as up and down a street, and better too."

Polly rejected the idea pretty stoutly at first; but by little and little she began to entertain it, as she entertained more and more distinctly the forbidden pictures of her children, and her own home. At length, arguing that there could be no great harm in calling for a moment at the door, she yielded to the Nipper proposition.

The matter being settled thus, little Paul began to cry most piteously, as if he had a foreboding that no good would come of it.

"What's the matter with the child?" asked Susan.

"He's cold, I think," said Polly, walking with him to and fro, and hushing him.

It was a bleak autumnal afternoon indeed; and as she walked, and hushed, and, glancing through the dreary windows, pressed the little fellow closer to her breast, the withered leaves came showering down.

CHAPTER VI.

PAUL'S SECOND DEPRIVATION.

POLLY was beset by so many misgivings in the morning, that but for the incessant promptings of her black-eyed companion, she would have abandoned all thoughts of the expedition, and formally petitioned for leave to see number one hundred and forty-seven, under the awful shadow of Mr. Dombey's roof. But Susan who was personally disposed in favour of the excursion, and who (like Tony Lumpkin), if she could bear the disappointments of other people with tolerable fortitude, could not abide to disappoint herself, threw so many ingenious doubts in the way of this

second thought, and stimulated the original intention with so many ingenious arguments, that almost as soon as Mr. Dombey's stately back was turned, and that gentleman was pursuing his daily road towards the city, his unconscious son was on his way to Staggs's Gardens.

This euphonious locality was situated in a suburb, known by the inhabitants of Staggs's Gardens by the name of Camberling Town; a designation which the Strangers' Map of London, as printed (with a view to pleasant and commodious reference) on pocket-handkerchiefs, condenses, with some show of reason, into Camden Town. Hither the two nurses bent their steps, accompanied by their charges; Richards carrying Paul, of course, and Susan leading little Florence by the hand, and giving her such jerks and pokes from time to time, as she considered it wholesome to administer.

The first shock of a great earthquake had, just at that period, rent the whole neighbourhood to its centre. Traces of its course were visible on every side. Houses were knocked down; streets broken through and stopped; deep pits and trenches dug in the ground; enormous heaps of earth and clay thrown up; buildings that were undermined and shaking, propped by great beams of wood. Here, a chaos of carts, overthrown and jumbled together, lay topsy-turvy at the bottom of a steep unnatural hill; there, confused treasures of iron soaked and rusted in something that had accidentally become a pond. Everywhere were bridges that led nowhere; thoroughfares that were wholly impassable; Babel towers of chimneys, wanting half their height; temporary wooden houses and enclosures, in the most unlikely situations; carcasses of ragged tenements, and fragments of unfinished walls and arches, and piles of scaffolding, and wildernesses of bricks, and giant forms of cranes, and tripods straddling above nothing. There were a hundred thousand shapes and substances of incompleteness, wildly mingled out of their places, upside down, burrowing in the earth, aspiring in the air, mouldering in the water, and unintelligible as any dream. Hot springs and fiery eruptions, the usual attendants upon earthquakes, lent their contributions of confusion to the scene. Boiling water hissed and heaved within dilapidated walls; whence, also, the glare and roar of flames came issuing forth; and mounds of ashes blocked up rights of way, and wholly changed the law and custom of the neighbourhood.

In short, the yet unfinished and unopened Railroad was in progress; and, from the very core of all this dire disorder, trailed smoothly away, upon its mighty course of civilisation and improvement.

But as yet, the neighbourhood was shy to own the Railroad. One or two bold speculators had projected streets; and one had built a little, but had stopped among the mud and ashes to consider farther of it. A brand-new Tavern, redolent of fresh mortar and size, and fronting nothing at all, had taken for its sign The Railway Arms; but that might be rash enterprise—and then it hoped to sell drink to the workmen. So, the Excavators' House of Call had sprung up from a beer shop; and the old-established Ham and Beef Shop had become The Railway Eating House, with a roast leg of pork daily, through interested motives of a similar immediate and popular description. Lodging-house keepers were favourable in like manner; and for the like reasons were not to be trusted. The

general belief was very slow. There were frowzy fields, and cowhouses, and dunghills, and dustheaps, and ditches, and gardens, and summer-houses, and carpet-beating grounds, at the very door of the Railway. Little tumuli of oyster shells in the oyster season, and of lobster shells in the lobster season, and of broken crockery and faded cabbage leaves in all seasons, encroached upon its high places. Posts, and rails, and old cautions to trespassers, and backs of mean houses, and patches of wretched vegetation, stared it out of countenance. Nothing was the better for it, or thought of being so. If the miserable waste ground lying near it could have laughed, it would have laughed it to scorn, like many of the miserable neighbours.

Staggs's Gardens was uncommonly incredulous. It was a little row of houses, with little squalid patches of ground before them, fenced off with old doors, barrel staves, scraps of tarpaulin, and dead bushes; with bottomless tin kettles and exhausted iron fenders, thrust into the gaps. Here, the Staggs's Gardeners trained scarlet beans, kept fowls and rabbits, erected rotten summer houses (one was an old boat), dried clothes, and smoked pipes. Some were of opinion that Staggs's Gardens derived its name from a deceased capitalist, one Mr. Staggs, who had built it for his delectation. Others, who had a natural taste for the country, held that it dated from those rural times when the antlered herd, under the familiar denomination of Staggses, had resorted to its shady precincts. Be this as it may, Staggs's Gardens was regarded by its population as a sacred grove not to be withered by railroads; and so confident were they generally of its long outliving any such ridiculous inventions, that the master chimney-sweeper at the corner, who was understood to take the lead in the local politics of the Gardens, had publicly declared that on the occasion of the Railroad opening, if it ever did open, two of his boys should ascend the flues of his dwelling, with instructions to hail the failure with derisive jeers from the chimney pots.

To this unhallowed spot, the very name of which had hitherto been carefully concealed from Mr. Dombey by his sister, was little Paul now borne by Fate and Richards.

"That's my house, Susan," said Polly, pointing it out.

"Is it, indeed, Mrs. Richards," said Susan, condescendingly.

"And there's my sister *Jemima* at the door, I do declare!" cried Polly, "with my own sweet precious baby in her arms!"

The sight added such an extensive pair of wings to Polly's impatience, that she set off down the Gardens at a run, and bouncing on *Jemima*, changed babies with her in a twinkling; to the unutterable astonishment of that young damsel, on whom the heir of the Dombey's seemed to have fallen from the clouds.

"Why, *Polly*!" cried *Jemima*. "You! what a turn you *have* given me! who'd have thought it! come along in *Polly*! How well you do look to be sure! The children will go half wild to see you *Polly*, that they will."

That they did, if one might judge from the noise they made, and the way in which they dashed at *Polly* and dragged her to a low chair in the chimney corner, where her own honest apple face became immediately the centre of a bunch of smaller pippins, all laying their rosy cheeks close to

it, and all evidently the growth of the same tree. As to Polly, she was full as noisy and vehement as the children; and it was not until she was quite out of breath, and her hair was hanging all about her flushed face, and her new christening attire was very much dishevelled, that any pause took place in the confusion. Even then, the smallest Toodle but one remained in her lap, holding on tight with both arms round her neck; while the smallest Toodle but two mounted on the back of the chair, and made desperate efforts, with one leg in the air, to kiss her round the corner.

"Look! there's a pretty little lady come to see you," said Polly; "and see how quiet *she* is! what a beautiful little lady, ain't she?"

This reference to Florence, who had been standing by the door not unobservant of what passed, directed the attention of the younger branches towards her; and had likewise the happy effect of leading to the formal recognition of Miss Nipper, who was not quite free from a misgiving that she had been already slighted.

"Oh do come in and sit down a minute, Susan, please," said Polly! "This is my sister Jemima, this is. Jemima, I don't know what I should ever do with myself, if it wasn't for Susan Nipper; I shouldn't be here now but for her."

"Oh do sit down Miss Nipper, if you please," quoth Jemima.

Susan took the extreme corner of a chair, with a stately and ceremonious aspect.

"I never was so glad to see anybody in all my life; now really I never was, Miss Nipper," said Jemima.

Susan relaxing, took a little more of the chair, and smiled graciously. "Do untie your bonnet-strings and make yourself at home, Miss Nipper, please," entreated Jemima. "I am afraid it's a poorer place than you're used to; but you'll make allowances, I'm sure."

The black-eyed was so softened by this deferential behaviour, that she caught up little Miss Toodle who was running past, and took her to Banbury Cross immediately.

"But where's my pretty boy?" said Polly. "My poor fellow? I came all this way to see him in his new clothes."

"Ah what a pity!" cried Jemima. "He'll break his heart, when he hears his mother has been here. He's at school, Polly."

"Gone already!"

"Yes. He went for the first time yesterday, for fear he should lose any learning. But it's half-holiday, Polly: if you could only stop 'till he comes home—you and Miss Nipper, leastways," said Jemima, mindful in good time of the dignity of the black-eyed.

"And how does he look, Jemima, bless him!" faltered Polly.

"Well, really he don't look so bad as you'd suppose," returned Jemima.

"Ah!" said Polly, with emotion, "I knew his legs must be too short."

"His legs *is* short," returned Jemima; "especially behind; but they'll get longer, Polly, every day."

It was a slow, prospective kind of consolation; but the cheerfulness and good nature with which it was administered, gave it a value it did not intrinsically possess. After a moment's silence, Polly asked, in a more sprightly manner:

"And where's Father, *Jemima* dear?"—for by that patriarchal appellation, Mr. Toodle was generally known in the family.

"There again!" said *Jemima*. "What a pity! Father took his dinner with him this morning, and isn't coming home till night. But he's always talking of you *Polly*, and telling the children about you; and is the peaceablest, patientest, best-temperdest soul in the world, as he always was and will be!"

"Thankce, *Jemima*," cried the simple *Polly*; delighted by the speech, and disappointed by the absence.

"Oh you needn't thank me, *Polly*," said her sister, giving her a sounding kiss upon the cheek, and then dancing little Paul cheerfully. "I say the same of you sometimes, and think it too."

In spite of the double disappointment, it was impossible to regard in the light of a failure a visit which was greeted with such a reception; so the sisters talked hopefully about family matters, and about *Biler*, and about all his brothers and sisters: while the black-eyed, having performed several journeys to Banbury Cross and back, took sharp note of the furniture, the Dutch clock, the cupboard, the castle on the mantelpiece with red and green windows in it, susceptible of illumination by a candle-end within; and the pair of small black velvet kittens, each with a lady's reticule in its mouth; regarded by the Staggs's Gardeners as prodigies of imitative art. The conversation soon becoming general lest the black-eyed should go off at score and turn sarcastic, that young lady related to *Jemima* a summary of everything she knew concerning Mr. Dombey, his prospects, family, pursuits, and character. Also an exact inventory of her personal wardrobe, and some account of her principal relations and friends. Having relieved her mind of these disclosures, she partook of shrimps and porter, and evinced a disposition to swear eternal friendship.

Little Florence herself was not behind-hand in improving the occasion; for, being conducted forth by the young Toodles to inspect some toadstools and other curiosities of the Gardens, she entered with them, heart and soul, on the formation of a temporary breakwater across a small green pool that had collected in a corner. She was still busily engaged in that labour, when sought and found by Susan; who, such was her sense of duty, even under the humanizing influence of shrimps, delivered a moral address to her (punctuated with thumps) on her degenerate nature, while washing her face and hands; and predicted that she would bring the grey hairs of her family in general, with sorrow to the grave. After some delay, occasioned by a pretty long confidential interview above stairs on pecuniary subjects, between *Polly* and *Jemima*, an interchange of babies was again effected—for *Polly* had all this time retained her own child, and *Jemima* little Paul—and the visitors took leave.

But first the young Toodles, victims of a pious fraud, were deluded into repairing in a body to a chandler's shop in the neighbourhood, for the ostensible purpose of spending a penny; and when the coast was quite clear, *Polly* fled: *Jemima* calling after her that if they could only go round towards the City Road on their way back, they would be sure to meet little *Biler* coming from school.

"Do you think we might make time to go a little round in that direction, Susan?" inquired *Polly*, when they halted to take breath.

"Why not, Mrs. Richards?" returned Susan.

"It's getting on towards our dinner time you know," said Polly.

But lunch had rendered her companion more than indifferent to this grave consideration, so she allowed no weight to it, and they resolved to go "a little round."

Now, it happened that poor Biler's life had been, since yesterday morning, rendered weary by the costume of the Charitable Grinders. The youth of the streets could not endure it. No young vagabond could be brought to bear its contemplation for a moment, without throwing himself upon the unoffending wearer, and doing him a mischief. His social existence had been more like that of an early Christian, than an innocent child of the nineteenth century. He had been stoned in the streets. He had been overthrown into gutters; bespattered with mud; violently flattened against posts. Entire strangers to his person had lifted his yellow cap off his head, and cast it to the winds. His legs had not only undergone verbal criticisms and revilings, but had been handled and pinched. That very morning, he had received a perfectly unsolicited black eye on his way to the Grinders' establishment, and had been punished for it by the master: a superannuated old Grinder of savage disposition, who had been appointed schoolmaster because he didn't know anything, and wasn't fit for anything, and for whose cruel cane all chubby little boys had a perfect fascination.

Thus it fell out that Biler, on his way home, sought unfrequented paths; and slunk along by narrow passages and back streets, to avoid his tormentors. Being compelled to emerge into the main road, his ill fortune brought him at last where a small party of boys, headed by a ferocious young butcher, were lying in wait for any means of pleasurable excitement that might happen. These, finding a Charitable Grinder in the midst of them—unaccountably delivered over, as it were, into their hands—set up a general yell and rushed upon him.

But it so fell out likewise, that, at that same time, Polly, looking hopelessly along the road before her, after a good hour's walk, had said it was of no use going any further, when suddenly she saw this sight. She no sooner saw it than, uttering a hasty exclamation, and giving Master Dombey to the black-eyed, she started to the rescue of her unhappy little son.

Surprises, like misfortunes, rarely come alone. The astonished Susan Nipper and her two young charges, were rescued by the bystanders from under the very wheels of a passing carriage before they knew what had happened; and at that moment (it was market day) a thundering alarm of "Mad Bull!" was raised.

With a wild confusion before her, of people running up and down, and shouting, and wheels running over them, and boys fighting, and mad bulls coming up, and the nurse in the midst of all these dangers being torn to pieces, Florence screamed and ran. She ran till she was exhausted, urging Susan to do the same; and then, stopping and wringing her hands as she remembered they had left the other nurse behind, found, with a sensation of terror not to be described, that she was quite alone.

"Susan! Susan!" cried Florence, clapping her hands in the very ecstacy of her alarm. "Oh, where are they! where are they!"

"Where are they?" said an old woman, coming hobbling across as fast

as she could from the opposite side of the way. "Why did you run away from 'em?"

"I was frightened," answered Florence. "I didn't know what I did. I thought they were with me. Where are they?"

The old woman took her by the wrist, and said "I'll show you."

She was a very ugly old woman, with red rims round her eyes, and a mouth that mumbled and chattered of itself when she was not speaking. She was miserably dressed, and carried some skins over her arm. She seemed to have followed Florence some little way at all events, for she had lost her breath; and this made her uglier still, as she stood trying to regain it: working her shrivelled yellow face and throat into all sorts of contortions.

Florence was afraid of her, and looked, hesitating, up the street, of which she had almost reached the bottom. It was a solitary place—more a back road than a street—and there was no one in it but herself and the old woman.

"You needn't be frightened now," said the old woman, still holding her tight. "Come along with me."

"I—I don't know you. What's your name?" asked Florence.

"Mrs. Brown," said the old woman. "Good Mrs. Brown."

"Are they near here?" asked Florence, beginning to be led away.

"Susan an't far off," said Good Mrs. Brown; "and the others are close to her."

"Is anybody hurt?" cried Florence.

"Not a bit of it," said Good Mrs. Brown.

The child shed tears of delight on hearing this, and accompanied the old woman willingly; though she could not help glancing at her face as they went along—particularly at that industrious mouth—and wondering whether Bad Mrs. Brown, if there were such a person, was at all like her.

They had not gone very far, but had gone by some very uncomfortable places, such as brick-fields and tile-yards, when the old woman turned down a dirty lane, where the mud lay in deep black ruts in the middle of the road. She stopped before a shabby little house, as closely shut up as a house that was full of cracks and crevices could be. Opening the door with a key she took out of her bonnet, she pushed the child before her into a back room, where there was a great heap of rags of different colours lying on the floor; a heap of bones, and a heap of sifted dust or cinders; but there was no furniture at all, and the walls and ceiling were quite black.

The child became so terrified that she was stricken speechless, and looked as though about to swoon.

"Now don't be a young mule," said Good Mrs. Brown, reviving her with a shake. "I'm not a going to hurt you. Sit upon the rags."

Florence obeyed her, holding out her folded hands, in mute supplication.

"I'm not a going to keep you, even, above an hour," said Mrs. Brown. "D'ye understand what I say?"

The child answered with great difficulty, "Yes."

"Then," said Good Mrs. Brown, taking her own seat on the bones, "don't vex me. If you don't, I tell you I won't hurt you. But if you do, I'll kill you. I could have you killed at any time—even if you was

in your own bed at home. Now let's know who you are, and what you are, and all about it."

The old woman's threats and promises; the dread of giving her offence; and the habit, unusual to a child, but almost natural to Florence now, of being quiet, and repressing what she felt, and feared, and hoped; enabled her to do this bidding, and to tell her little history, or what she knew of it. Mrs. Brown listened attentively, until she had finished.

"So your name's Dombey, eh?" said Mrs. Brown.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"I want that pretty frock, Miss Dombey," said Good Mrs. Brown, "and that little bonnet, and a petticoat or two, and anything else you can spare. Come! Take 'em off."

Florence obeyed, as fast as her trembling hands would allow; keeping, all the while, a frightened eye on Mrs. Brown. When she had divested herself of all the articles of apparel mentioned by that lady, Mrs. B. examined them at leisure, and seemed tolerably well satisfied with their quality and value.

"Humph!" she said, running her eyes over the child's slight figure. "I don't see anything else—except the shoes. I must have the shoes, Miss Dombey."

Poor little Florence took them off with equal alacrity, only too glad to have any more means of conciliation about her. The old woman then produced some wretched substitutes from the bottom of the heap of rags, which she turned up for that purpose; together with a girl's cloak, quite worn out and very old; and the crushed remains of a bonnet that had probably been picked up from some ditch or dunghill. In this dainty raiment, she instructed Florence to dress herself; and as such preparation seemed a prelude to her release, the child complied with increased readiness, if possible.

In hurriedly putting on the bonnet, if that may be called a bonnet which was more like a pad to carry loads on, she caught it in her hair which grew luxuriantly, and could not immediately disentangle it. Good Mrs. Brown whipped out a large pair of scissors, and fell into an unaccountable state of excitement.

"Why couldn't you let me be!" said Mrs. Brown, "when I was contented. You little fool!"

"I beg your pardon. I don't know what I have done," panted Florence. "I couldn't help it."

"Couldn't help it!" cried Mrs. Brown. "How do you expect I can help it? Why, Lord!" said the old woman, ruffling her curls with a furious pleasure, "anybody but me would have had 'em off, first of all."

Florence was so relieved to find that it was only her hair and not her head which Mrs. Brown coveted, that she offered no resistance or entreaty, and merely raised her mild eyes towards the face of that good soul.

"If I hadn't once had a gal of my own—beyond seas now—that was proud of her hair," said Mrs. Brown, "I'd have had every lock of it. She's far away, she's far away! Oho! Oho!"

Mrs. Brown's was not a melodious cry, but, accompanied with a wild tossing up of her lean arms, it was full of passionate grief, and thrilled to the heart of Florence, whom it frightened more than ever. It had its part, perhaps, in saving her curls; for Mrs. Brown, after hovering about her with

the scissors for some moments, like a new kind of butterfly, bade her hide them under the bonnet and let no trace of them escape to tempt her. Having accomplished this victory over herself, Mrs. Brown resumed her seat on the bones, and smoked a very short black pipe, mowing and mumbling all the time, as if she were eating the stem.

When the pipe was smoked out, she gave the child a rabbit-skin to carry, that she might appear the more like her ordinary companion, and told her that she was now going to lead her to a public street whence she could inquire her way to her friends. But she cautioned her, with threats of summary and deadly vengeance in case of disobedience, not to talk to strangers, nor to repair to her own home (which may have been too near for Mrs. Brown's convenience), but to her father's office in the city; also to wait at the street corner where she would be left, until the clocks struck three. These directions Mrs. Brown enforced with assurances that there would be potent eyes and ears in her employment cognizant of all she did; and these directions Florence promised faithfully and earnestly to observe.

At length, Mrs. Brown, issuing forth, conducted her changed and ragged little friend through a labyrinth of narrow streets and lanes and alleys, which emerged, after a long time, upon a stable yard, with a gateway at the end, whence the roar of a great thoroughfare made itself audible. Pointing out this gateway, and informing Florence that when the clocks struck three she was to go to the left, Mrs. Brown, after making a parting grasp at her hair which seemed involuntary and quite beyond her own control, told her she knew what to do, and bade her go and do it: remembering that she was watched.

With a lighter heart, but still sore afraid, Florence felt herself released, and tripped off to the corner. When she reached it, she looked back and saw the head of Good Mrs. Brown peeping out of the low wooden passage, where she had issued her parting injunctions; likewise the fist of Good Mrs. Brown shaking towards her. But though she often looked back afterwards—every minute, at least, in her nervous recollection of the old woman—she could not see her again.

Florence remained there, looking at the bustle in the street, and more and more bewildered by it; and in the meanwhile the clocks appeared to have made up their minds never to strike three any more. At last the steeples rang out three o'clock; there was one close by, so she couldn't be mistaken; and—after often looking over her shoulder, and often going a little way, and as often coming back again, lest the all-powerful spies of Mrs. Brown should take offence—she hurried off, as fast as she could in her slipshod shoes, holding the rabbit skin tight in her hand.

All she knew of her father's offices was that they belonged to Dombey and Son, and that that was a great power belonging to the city. So she could only ask the way to Dombey and Son's in the city; and as she generally made the inquiry of children—being afraid to ask grown people—she got very little satisfaction indeed. But by dint of asking her way to the city after a while, and dropping the rest of her inquiry for the present, she really did advance, by slow degrees, towards the heart of that great region which is governed by the terrible Lord Mayor.

Tired of walking, repulsed and pushed about, stunned by the noise and

confusion, anxious for her brother and the nurses, terrified by what she had undergone, and the prospect of encountering her angry father in such an altered state; perplexed and frightened alike by what had passed, and what was passing, and what was yet before her; Florence went upon her weary way with tearful eyes, and once or twice could not help stopping to ease her bursting heart by crying bitterly. But few people noticed her at those times, in the garb she wore; or if they did, believed that she was tutored to excite compassion, and passed on. Florence, too, called to her aid all the firmness and self-reliance of a character that her sad experience had prematurely formed and tried; and keeping the end she had in view, steadily before her, steadily pursued it.

It was full two hours later in the afternoon than when she had started on this strange adventure, when, escaping from the clash and clangor of a narrow street full of carts and waggons, she peeped into a kind of wharf or landing-place upon the river side, where there were a great many packages, casks, and boxes, strewn about; a large pair of wooden scales; and a little wooden house on wheels, outside of which, looking at the neighbouring masts and boats, a stout man stood whistling, with his pen behind his ear, and his hands in his pockets, as if his day's work were nearly done.

"Now then!" said this man, happening to turn round. "We haven't got anything for you, little girl. Be off!"

"If you please, is this the city?" asked the trembling daughter of the Dombey's.

"Ah! It's the city. You know that well enough, I dare say. Be off! We haven't got anything for you."

"I don't want anything, thank you," was the timid answer. "Except to know the way to Dombey and Son's."

The man who had been strolling carelessly towards her, seemed surprised by this reply, and looking attentively in her face, rejoined:

"Why, what can *you* want with Dombey and Son's."

"To know the way there, if you please."

The man looked at her yet more curiously, and rubbed the back of his head so hard in his wonderment that he knocked his own hat off.

"Joe!" he called to another man—a labourer—as he picked it up and put it on again.

"Joe it is!" said Joe.

"Where's that young spark of Dombey's who's been watching the shipment of them goods?"

"Just gone, by the t'other gate," said Joe.

"Call him back a minute."

Joe ran up an archway, bawling as he went, and very soon returned with a blithe-looking boy.

"You're Dombey's jockey, an't you?" said the first man.

"I'm in Dombey's House, Mr. Clark," returned the boy.

"Look'ye here, then," said Mr. Clark.

Obedient to the indication of Mr. Clark's hand, the boy approached towards Florence, wondering, as well he might, what he had to do with her. But she, who had heard what passed, and who, besides the relief of so suddenly considering herself safe and at her journey's end, felt re-assured beyond all measure by his lively youthful face and manner,

ran eagerly up to him, leaving one of the slipshod shoes upon the ground, and caught his hand in both of hers.

"I am lost, if you please!" said Florence.

"Lost!" cried the boy.

"Yes, I was lost this morning, a long way from here—and I have had my clothes taken away, since—and I am not dressed in my own now—and my name is Florence Dombey, my little brother's only sister—and, oh dear, dear, take care of me, if you please!" sobbed Florence, giving full vent to the childish feelings she had so long suppressed, and bursting into tears. At the same time her miserable bonnet falling off, her hair came tumbling down about her face: moving to speechless admiration and commiseration, young Walter, nephew of Solomon Gills, Ships' Instrument-maker in general.

Mr. Clark stood rapt in amazement: observing under his breath, *I never saw such a start on this wharf before.* Walter picked up the shoe, and put it on the little foot as the Prince in the story might have fitted Cinderella's slipper on. He hung the rabbit-skin over his left arm; gave the right to Florence; and felt, not to say like Richard Whittington—that is a tame comparison—but like Saint George of England, with the dragon lying dead before him.

"Don't cry, Miss Dombey," said Walter, in a transport of enthusiasm. "What a wonderful thing for me that I am here. You are as safe now as if you were guarded by a whole boat's crew of picked men from a man-of-war. Oh don't cry."

"I won't cry any more," said Florence. "I am only crying for joy."

"Crying for joy!" thought Walter, "and I'm the cause of it! Come along, Miss Dombey. There's the other shoe off now! Take mine, Miss Dombey."

"No, no, no," said Florence, checking him in the act of impetuously pulling off his own. "These do better. These do very well."

"Why, to be sure," said Walter, glancing at her foot, "mine are a mile too large. What am I thinking about! You never could walk in mine! Come along, Miss Dombey. Let me see the villain who will dare molest you now."

So Walter, looking immensely fierce, led off Florence, looking very happy; and they went arm in arm along the streets, perfectly indifferent to any astonishment that their appearance might or did excite by the way.

It was growing dark and foggy, and beginning to rain too; but they cared nothing for this: being both wholly absorbed in the late adventures of Florence, which she related with the innocent good faith and confidence of her years, while Walter listened as if, far from the mud and grease of Thames-street, they were rambling alone among the broad leaves and tall trees of some desert island in the tropics—as he very likely fancied, for the time, they were.

"Have we far to go?" asked Florence at last, lifting her eyes to her companion's face.

"Ah! By the bye," said Walter, stopping, "let me see; where are we? Oh! I know. But the offices are shut up now, Miss Dombey. There's nobody there. Mr. Dombey has gone home long ago. I suppose we must go home too? or, stay. Suppose I take you to my uncle's, where I

live—it's very near here—and go to your house in a coach to tell them you are safe, and bring you back some clothes. Won't that be best?"

"I think so," answered Florence. "Don't you? What do you think?"

As they stood deliberating in the street, a man passed them, who glanced quickly at Walter as he went by, as if he recognized him; but seeming to correct that first impression, he passed on without stopping.

"Why, I think it's Mr. Carker," said Walter. "Carker in our House. Not Carker our manager, Miss Dombey—the other Carker; the junior—Halloa! Mr. Carker!"

"Is that Walter Gay?" said the other, stopping and returning. "I couldn't believe it, with such a strange companion."

As he stood near a lamp, listening with surprise to Walter's hurried explanation, he presented a remarkable contrast to the two youthful figures arm-in-arm before him. He was not old, but his hair was white; his body was bent, or bowed as if by the weight of some great trouble; and there were deep lines in his worn and melancholy face. The fire of his eyes, the expression of his features, the very voice in which he spoke, were all subdued and quenched, as if the spirit within him lay in ashes. He was respectably, though very plainly dressed, in black; but his clothes, moulded to the general character of his figure, seemed to shrink and abase themselves upon him, and to join in the sorrowful solicitation which the whole man from head to foot expressed, to be left unnoticed, and alone in his humility.

And yet his interest in youth and hopefulness was not extinguished with the other embers of his soul, for he watched the boy's earnest countenance as he spoke with unusual sympathy, though with an inexplicable show of trouble and compassion, which escaped into his looks, however hard he strove to hold it prisoner. When Walter, in conclusion, put to him the question he had put to Florence, he still stood glancing at him with the same expression, as if he read some fate upon his face, mournfully at variance with its present brightness.

"What do you advise, Mr. Carker?" said Walter, smiling. "You always give me good advice, you know, when you *do* speak to me. That's not often, though."

"I think your own idea is the best," he answered: looking from Florence to Walter, and back again.

"Mr. Carker," said Walter, brightening with a generous thought, "Come! Here's a chance for you. Go you to Mr. Dombey's, and be the messenger of good news. It may do you some good, Sir. I'll remain at home. You shall go."

"I!" returned the other.

"Yes. Why not, Mr. Carker?" said the boy.

He merely shook him by the hand in answer; he seemed in a manner ashamed and afraid even to do that; and bidding him good night, and advising him to make haste, turned away.

"Come, Miss Dombey," said Walter, looking after him as they turned away also, "we'll go to my uncle's as quick as we can. Did you ever hear Mr. Dombey speak of Mr. Carker the junior, Miss Florence?"

"No," returned the child, mildly, "I don't often hear papa speak."

"Ah! true! more shame for him," thought Walter. After a minute's pause, during which he had been looking down upon the gentle patient little

face moving on at his side, he bestirred himself with his accustomed boyish animation and restlessness to change the subject; and one of the unfortunate shoes coming off again opportunely, proposed to carry Florence to his uncle's in his arms. Florence, though very tired, laughingly declined the proposal, lest he should let her fall; and as they were already near the wooden midshipman, and as Walter went on to cite various precedents, from shipwrecks and other moving accidents, where younger boys than he had triumphantly rescued and carried off older girls than Florence, they were still in full conversation about it when they arrived at the instrument maker's door.

"Holloa, uncle Sol!" cried Walter, bursting into the shop, and speaking incoherently and out of breath, from that time forth, for the rest of the evening. "Here's a wonderful adventure! Here's Mr. Dombey's daughter lost in the streets, and robbed of her clothes by an old witch of a woman—found by me—brought home to our parlour to rest—look here!"

"Good Heaven!" said uncle Sol, starting back against his favourite compass-case. "It can't be! Well, I—."

"No, nor anybody else," said Walter, anticipating the rest. "Nobody would, nobody could, you know. Here! just help me lift the little sofa near the fire, will you, uncle Sol—take care of the plates—cut some dinner for her, will you uncle—throw those shoes under the grate, Miss Florence—put your feet on the fender to dry—how damp they are—here's an adventure, uncle, eh?—God bless my soul, how hot I am!"

Solomon Gills was quite as hot, by sympathy, and in excessive bewilderment. He patted Florence's head, pressed her to eat, pressed her to drink, rubbed the soles of her feet with his pocket handkerchief heated at the fire, followed his locomotive nephew with his eyes, and ears, and had no clear perception of anything except that he was being constantly knocked against and tumbled over by that excited young gentleman, as he darted about the room attempting to accomplish twenty things at once, and doing nothing at all.

"Here, wait a minute, uncle," he continued, catching up a candle, "till I run up stairs, and get another jacket on, and then I'll be off. I say, uncle, isn't this an adventure?"

"My dear boy," said Solomon, who, with his spectacles on his forehead and the great chronometer in his pocket, was incessantly oscillating between Florence on the sofa, and his nephew in all parts of the parlour, "it's the most extraordinary —"

"No, but do, uncle, please—do, Miss Florence—dinner, you know, uncle."

"Yes, yes, yes," cried Solomon, cutting instantly into a leg of mutton, as if he were catering for a giant. "I'll take care of her, Wally! I understand. Pretty dear! Famished, of course. You go and get ready. Lord bless me! Sir Richard Whittington thrice Lord Mayor of London!"

Walter was not very long in mounting to his lofty garret and descending from it, but in the mean time Florence, overcome by fatigue, had sunk into a doze before the fire. The short interval of quiet, though only a few minutes in duration, enabled Solomon Gills so far to collect his wits as to make some little arrangements for her comfort, and to darken the room, and to screen her from the blaze. Thus, when the boy returned, she was sleeping peacefully.

"That's capital!" he whispered, giving Solomon such a hug that it

squeezed a new expression into his face. "Now I'm off. I'll just take a crust of bread with me, for I'm very hungry—and—don't wake her, uncle Sol."

"No, no," said Solomon. "Pretty child."

"Pretty, indeed!" cried Walter. "*I* never saw such a face, uncle Sol. Now I'm off."

"That's right," said Solomon, greatly relieved.

"I say, uncle Sol," cried Walter, putting his face in at the door.

"Here he is again," said Solomon.

"How does she look now?"

"Quite happy," said Solomon.

"That's famous! now I'm off."

"I hope you are," said Solomon to himself.

"I say, uncle Sol," cried Walter, reappearing at the door.

"Here he is again!" said Solomon.

"We met Mr. Carker the junior in the street, queerer than ever. He bade me good bye, but came behind us here—there's an odd thing!—for when we reached the shop door, I looked round, and saw him going quietly away, like a servant who had seen me home, or a faithful dog. How does she look now, uncle?"

"Pretty much the same as before, Wally," replied uncle Sol.

"That's right. Now I *am* off!"

And this time he really was: and Solomon Gills, with no appetite for dinner, sat on the opposite side of the fire, watching Florence in her slumber, building a great many airy castles of the most fantastic architecture, and looking, in the dim shade, and in the close vicinity of all the instruments, like a magician disguised in a Welch wig and a suit of coffee colour, who held the child in an enchanted sleep.

In the mean time, Walter proceeded towards Mr. Dombey's house at a pace seldom achieved by a hack horse from the stand; and yet with his head out of window every two or three minutes, in impatient remonstrance with the driver. Arriving at his journey's end, he leaped out, and breathlessly announcing his errand to the servant, followed him straight into the library, where there was a great confusion of tongues, and where Mr. Dombey, his sister, and Miss Tox, Richards, and Nipper, were all congregated together.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, Sir," said Walter, rushing up to him, "but I'm happy to say it's all right, Sir. Miss Dombey's found!"

The boy with his open face, and flowing hair, and sparkling eyes, panting with pleasure and excitement, was wonderfully opposed to Mr. Dombey as he sat confronting him in his library chair.

"I told you, Louisa, that she would certainly be found," said Mr. Dombey, looking slightly over his shoulder at that lady, who wept in company with Miss Tox. "Let the servants know that no further steps are necessary. This boy who brings the information, is young Gay, from the office. How was my daughter found, Sir? I know how she was lost." Here he looked majestically at Richards. "But how was she found? who found her?"

"Why, I believe *I* found Miss Dombey, Sir," said Walter modestly; "at least I don't know that I can claim the merit of having exactly found her, Sir, but I was the fortunate instrument of—"

"What do you mean, Sir," interrupted Mr. Dombey, regarding the

boy's evident pride and pleasure in his share of the transaction with an instinctive dislike, "by not having exactly found my daughter, and by being a fortunate instrument? Be plain and coherent, if you please."

It was quite out of Walter's power to be coherent; but he rendered himself as explanatory as he could, in his breathless state, and stated why he had come alone.

"You hear this, girl?" said Mr. Dombey sternly to the black-eyed. "Take what is necessary, and return immediately with this young man to fetch Miss Florence home. Gay, you will be rewarded to-morrow."

"Oh! thank you, Sir," said Walter. "You are very kind. I'm sure I was not thinking of any reward, Sir."

"You are a boy," said Mr. Dombey, suddenly and almost fiercely; "and what you think of, or affect to think of, is of little consequence. You have done well, Sir. Don't undo it. Louisa, please to give the lad some wine."

Mr. Dombey's glance followed Walter Gay with sharp disfavour, as he left the room under the pilotage of Mrs. Chick; and it may be that his mind's eye followed him with no greater relish, as he rode back to his uncle's with Miss Susan Nipper.

There they found that Florence, much refreshed by sleep, had dined, and greatly improved the acquaintance of Solomon Gills, with whom she was on terms of perfect confidence and ease. The black-eyed (who had cried so much that she might now be called the red-eyed, and who was very silent and depressed) caught her in her arms without a word of contradiction or reproach, and made a very hysterical meeting of it. Then converting the parlour, for the nonce, into a private tying room, she dressed her, with great care, in proper clothes; and presently led her forth, as like a Dombey as her natural disqualifications admitted of her being made.

"Good night!" said Florence, running up to Solomon. "You have been very good to me."

Old Sol was quite delighted, and kissed her like her grandfather.

"Good night, Walter! Good bye!" said Florence.

"Good bye!" said Walter, giving both his hands.

"I'll never forget you," pursued Florence. "No! indeed I never will. Good bye, Walter!"

In the innocence of her grateful heart, the child lifted up her face to his. Walter, bending down his own, raised it again, all red and burning; and looked at uncle Sol, quite sheepishly.

"Where's Walter!" "Good night, Walter!" "Good bye, Walter!" "Shake hands, once more, Walter!" This was still Florence's cry, after she was shut up with her little maid, in the coach. And when the coach at length moved off, Walter on the door-step gaily returned the waving of her handkerchief, while the wooden midshipman behind him seemed, like himself, intent upon that coach alone, excluding all the other passing coaches from his observation.

In good time Mr. Dombey's mansion was gained again, and again there was a noise of tongues in the library. Again, too, the coach was ordered to wait—"for Mrs. Richards," one of Susan's fellow-servants ominously whispered, as she passed with Florence.

The entrance of the lost child made a slight sensation, but not much.

Mr. Dombey, who had never found her, kissed her once upon the forehead, and cautioned her not to run away again, or wander anywhere with treacherous attendants. Mrs. Chick stopped in her lamentations on the corruption of human nature, even when beckoned to the paths of virtue by a Charitable Grinder; and received her with a welcome something short of the reception due to none but perfect Dombey's. Miss Tox regulated her feelings by the models before her. Richards, the culprit Richards, alone poured out her heart in broken words of welcome, and bowed herself over the little wandering head as if she really loved it.

"Ah Richards!" said Mrs. Chick, with a sigh. "It would have been much more satisfactory to those who wish to think well of their fellow creatures, and much more becoming in you, if you had shown some proper feeling, in time, for the little child that is now going to be prematurely deprived of its natural nourishment."

"Cut off," said Miss Tox in a plaintive whisper, "from one common fountain!"

"If it was *my* ungrateful case," said Mrs. Chick, solemnly, "and I had *your* reflections, Richards, I should feel as if the Charitable Grinders' dress would blight my child, and the education choke him."

For the matter of that—but Mrs. Chick didn't know it—he had been pretty well blighted by the dress already; and as to the education, even its retributive effect might be produced in time, for it was a storm of sobs and blows.

"Louisa!" said Mr. Dombey. "It is not necessary to prolong these observations. The woman is discharged and paid. You leave this house, Richards, for taking my son—my son" said Mr. Dombey, emphatically repeating those two words, "into haunts and into society which are not to be thought of without a shudder. As to the accident which befel Miss Florence this morning, I regard that, as, in one great sense, a happy and fortunate circumstance; inasmuch as, but for that occurrence, I never could have known—and from your own lips too—of what you had been guilty. I think, Louisa, the other nurse, the young person," here Miss Nipper sobbed aloud, "being so much younger, and necessarily influenced by Paul's nurse, may remain. Have the goodness to direct that this woman's coach is paid to—" Mr. Dombey stopped and winced—"to Staggs's Gardens."

Polly moved towards the door, with Florence holding to her dress, and crying to her in the most pathetic manner not to go away. It was a dagger in the haughty father's heart, an arrow in his brain, to see how the flesh and blood he could not disown clung to this obscure stranger, and he sitting by. Not that he cared to whom his daughter turned, or from whom turned away. The swift sharp agony struck through him, as he thought of what his son might do.

His son cried lustily that night, at all events. Sooth to say, poor Paul had better reason for his tears than sons of that age often have, for he had lost his second mother—his first, so far as he knew—by a stroke as sudden as that natural affliction which had darkened the beginning of his life. At the same blow, his sister, too, who cried herself to sleep so mournfully, had lost as good and true a friend. But that is quite beside the question. Let us waste no words about it.

CHAPTER VII.

A BIRD'S EYE GLIMPSE OF MISS TOX'S DWELLING-PLACE; ALSO OF THE STATE OF MISS TOX'S AFFECTIONS.

Miss Tox inhabited a dark little house that had been squeezed, at some remote period of English History, into a fashionable neighbourhood at the west end of the town, where it stood in the shade like a poor relation of the great street round the corner, coldly looked down upon by mighty mansions. It was not exactly in a court, and it was not exactly in a yard; but it was in the dullest of No-Thoroughfares, rendered anxious and haggard by distant double knocks. The name of this retirement, where grass grew between the chinks in the stone pavement, was Princess's Place; and in Princess's Place was Princess's Chapel, with a tinkling bell, where sometimes as many as five-and-twenty people attended service on a Sunday. The Princess's Arms was also there, and much resorted to by splendid footmen. A sedan chair was kept inside the railing before the Princess's Arms, but it had never come out within the memory of man; and on fine mornings, the top of every rail (there were eight-and-forty, as Miss Tox had often counted) was decorated with a pewter-pot.

There was another private house besides Miss Tox's in Princess's Place: not to mention an immense pair of gates, with an immense pair of lion-headed knockers on them, which were never opened by any chance, and were supposed to constitute a disused entrance to somebody's stables. Indeed, there was a smack of stabling in the air of Princess's Place; and Miss Tox's bedroom (which was at the back) commanded a vista of Mews, where hostlers, at whatever sort of work engaged, were continually accompanying themselves with effervescent noises; and where the most domestic and confidential garments of coachmen and their wives and families, usually hung, like Macbeth's banners, on the outward walls.

At this other private house in Princess's Place, tenanted by a retired butler who had married a housekeeper, apartments were let furnished, to a single gentleman: to wit a wooden-featured, blue-faced, Major, with his eyes starting out of his head, in whom Miss Tox recognised, as she herself expressed it, "something so truly military;" and between whom and herself, an occasional interchange of newspapers and pamphlets, and such Platonic dalliance, was effected through the medium of a dark servant of the Major's, whom Miss Tox was quite content to classify as a "native," without connecting him with any geographical idea whatever.

Perhaps there never was a smaller entry and staircase, than the entry and staircase of Miss Tox's house. Perhaps, taken altogether, from top to bottom, it was the most inconvenient little house in England, and the crookedest; but then, Miss Tox said, what a situation! There was very little daylight to be got there in the winter: no sun at the best of times: air was out of the question, and traffic was walled out. Still Miss Tox said, think of the situation! So said the blue-faced Major, whose eyes were starting out of his head: who gloried in Princess's Place: and who

delighted to turn the conversation at his club, whenever he could, to something connected with some of the great people in the great street round the corner, that he might have the satisfaction of saying they were his neighbours.

The dingy tenement inhabited by Miss Tox was her own; having been devised and bequeathed to her by the deceased owner of the fishy eye in the locket, of whom a miniature portrait, with a powdered head and a pig-tail, balanced the kettle-holder on opposite sides of the parlour fire-place. The greater part of the furniture was of the powdered-head and pig-tail period: comprising a plate-warmer, always languishing and sprawling its four attenuated bow legs in somebody's way; and an obsolete harpsichord, illuminated round the maker's name with a painted garland of sweet peas.

Although Major Bagstock had arrived at what is called in polite literature, the grand meridian of life, and was proceeding on his journey downhill with hardly any throat, and a very rigid pair of jaw-bones, and long-flapped elephantine ears, and his eyes and complexion in the state of artificial excitement already mentioned, he was mightily proud of awakening an interest in Miss Tox, and tickled his vanity with the fiction that she was a splendid woman who had her eye on him. This he had several times hinted at the club: in connexion with little jocularities, of which old Joe Bagstock, old Joey Bagstock, old J. Bagstock, old Josh. Bagstock, or so forth, was the perpetual theme: it being, as it were, the Major's stronghold and donjon-keep of light humour, to be on the most familiar terms with his own name.

"Joey B., Sir," the Major would say, with a flourish of his walking-stick, "is worth a dozen of you. If you had a few more of the Bagstock breed among you, Sir, you'd be none the worse for it. Old Joe, Sir, needn't look far for a wife even now, if he was on the look-out; but he's hard-hearted, Sir, is Joe—he's tough, Sir, tough, and de-vilish sly!" After such a declaration, wheezing sounds would be heard; and the Major's blue would deepen into purple, while his eyes strained and started convulsively.

Notwithstanding his very liberal laudation of himself, however, the Major was selfish. It may be doubted whether there ever was a more entirely selfish person at heart; or at stomach is perhaps a better expression, seeing that he was more decidedly endowed with that latter organ than with the former. He had no idea of being overlooked or slighted by anybody; least of all, had he the remotest comprehension of being overlooked and slighted by Miss Tox.

And yet, Miss Tox, as it appeared, forgot him—gradually forgot him. She began to forget him soon after her discovery of the Toodle family. She continued to forget him up to the time of the christening. She went on forgetting him with compound interest after that. Something or somebody had superseded him as a source of interest.

"Good morning, Ma'am," said the Major, meeting Miss Tox in Princess's Place, some weeks after the changes chronicled in the last chapter.

"Good morning, Sir," said Miss Tox; very coldly.

"Joe Bagstock, Ma'am," observed the Major, with his usual gallantry, "has not had the happiness of bowing to you at your window, for a considerable period. Joe has been hardly used, Ma'am. His sun has been behind a cloud."

Miss Tox inclined her head ; but very coldly indeed.

"Joe's luminary has been out of town Ma'am, perhaps," enquired the Major.

"I? out of town? oh no, I have not been out of town," said Miss Tox. I have been much engaged lately. My time is nearly all devoted to some very intimate friends. I am afraid I have none to spare, even now. Good morning, Sir!"

As Miss Tox, with her most fascinating step and carriage, disappeared from Princess's Place, the Major stood looking after her with a bluer face than ever : muttering and growling some not at all complimentary remarks.

"Why, damme, Sir," said the Major, rolling his lobster eyes round and round Princess's Place, and apostrophizing its fragrant air, "six months ago, the woman loved the ground Josh. Bagstock walked on. What's the meaning of it?"

The Major decided, after some consideration, that it meant man-traps ; that it meant plotting and snaring ; that Miss Tox was digging pitfalls. "But you won't catch Joe, Ma'am," said the Major. "He's tough, Ma'am, tough, is J. B. Tough, and de-vilish sly!" over which reflection he chuckled for the rest of the day.

But still, when that day and many other days were gone and past, it seemed that Miss Tox took no heed whatever of the Major, and thought nothing at all about him. She had been wont, once upon a time, to look out at one of her little dark windows by accident, and blushingly return the Major's greeting ; but now, she never gave the Major a chance, and cared nothing at all whether he looked over the way or not. Other changes had come to pass too. The Major, standing in the shade of his own apartment, could make out that an air of greater smartness had recently come over Miss Tox's house ; that a new cage with gilded wires had been provided for the ancient little canary bird ; that divers ornaments, cut out of coloured card-boards and paper, seemed to decorate the chimney-piece and tables ; that a plant or two had suddenly sprung up in the windows ; that Miss Tox occasionally practised on the harpsichord, whose garland of sweet peas was always displayed ostentatiously, crowned with the Copenhagen and Bird Waltzes in a Music Book of Miss Tox's own copying.

Over and above all this, Miss Tox had long been dressed with uncommon care and elegance in slight mourning. But this helped the Major out of his difficulty ; and he determined within himself that she had come into a small legacy, and grown proud.

It was on the very next day after he had eased his mind by arriving at this decision, that the Major, sitting at his breakfast, saw an apparition so tremendous and wonderful in Miss Tox's little drawing-room, that he remained for some time rooted to his chair ; then, rushing into the next room, returned with a double-barrelled opera-glass, through which he surveyed it intently for some minutes.

"It's a Baby, Sir," said the Major, shutting up the glass again, "for fifty thousand pound!"

The Major couldn't forget it. He could do nothing but whistle, and stare to that extent, that his eyes, compared with what they now became, had been in former times quite cavernous and sunken. Day after day, two, three, four times a week, this Baby reappeared. The Major continued

to stare and whistle. To all other intents and purposes he was alone in Princess's Place. Miss Tox had ceased to mind what he did. He might have been black as well as blue, and it would have been of no consequence to her.

The perseverance with which she walked out of Princess's Place to fetch this baby and its nurse, and walked back with them, and walked home with them again, and continually mounted guard over them; and the perseverance with which she nursed it herself, and fed it, and played with it, and froze its young blood with airs upon the harpsichord; was extraordinary. At about this same period too, she was seized with a passion for looking at a certain bracelet; also with a passion for looking at the moon, of which she would take long observations from her chamber window. But whatever she looked at; sun, moon, stars, or bracelets; she looked no more at the Major. And the Major whistled, and stared, and wondered, and dodged about his room, and could make nothing of it.

"You'll quite win my brother Paul's heart, and that's the truth, my dear," said Mrs. Chick, one day.

Miss Tox turned pale.

"He grows more like Paul every day," said Mrs. Chick.

Miss Tox returned no other reply than by taking the little Paul in her arms, and making his cockade perfectly flat and limp with her caresses.

"His mother, my dear," said Miss Tox, "whose acquaintance I was to have made through you, does he at all resemble her?"

"Not at all," returned Louisa.

"She was—she was pretty, I believe?" faltered Miss Tox.

"Why, poor dear Fanny was interesting," said Mrs. Chick, after some judicial consideration. "Certainly interesting. She had not that air of commanding superiority which one would somehow expect, almost as a matter of course, to find in my brother's wife; nor had she that strength and vigour of mind which such a man requires."

Miss Tox heaved a deep sigh.

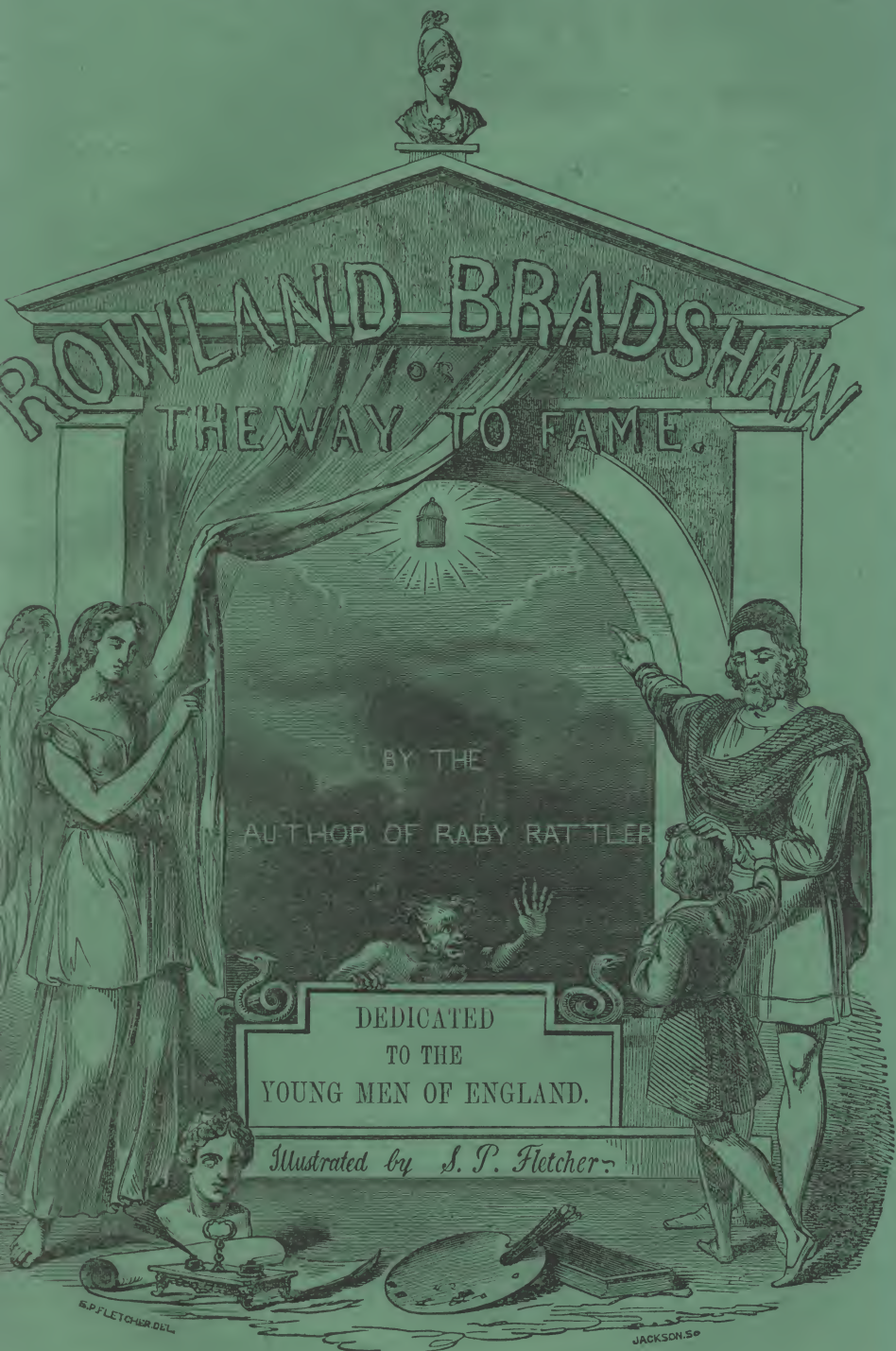
"But she was pleasing," said Mrs. Chick: "extremely so. And she meant!—oh, dear, how well poor Fanny meant!"

"You Angel!" cried Miss Tox to little Paul. "You Picture of your own Papa!"

If the Major could have known how many hopes and ventures, what a multitude of plans and speculations, rested on that baby head; and could have seen them hovering, in all their heterogeneous confusion and disorder, round the puckered cap of the unconscious little Paul; he might have stared indeed. Then would he have recognised, among the crowd, some few ambitious motes and beams belonging to Miss Tox; then would he perhaps have understood the nature of that lady's faltering investment in the Dombey Firm.

If the child himself could have awakened in the night, and seen, gathered about his cradle-curtains, faint reflections of the dreams that other people had of him, they might have scared him, with good reason. But he slumbered on, alike unconscious of the kind intentions of Miss Tox, the wonder of the Major, the early sorrows of his sister, and the sterner visions of his father; and innocent that any spot of earth contained a Dombey or a Son.

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In this advertisement are embodied a few Testimonials, taken from an immense mass, forwarded to us from various quarters of the globe. If any Physician could exhibit from time to time, as we have done, such an overwhelming number of astonishing cures effected, as the result of his prescriptions, what name would become so celebrated as his? And can it create any surprise that KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS have become established as the most popular medicine ever brought before the public, when cures so remarkable, and so well authenticated, have been effected by their use?

To some we may appear to speak too boastingly; but let any individual be placed in our position, and be assured he is sending forth streams charged, as it were, with health and vigour to the diseased and suffering; and then let him ask if the terms in which he records his success can possibly be too glowing. If these few selected specimens do not suffice, go and examine the sheet of testimonies, containing HUNDREDS of cases of cures, which are in the possession of every agent. It will there be seen that there is no disease curable by human instrumentality which may not be alleviated and removed by the use of these Pills.

The following CASES are selected as specimens; and we feel assured that every person who reads them with attention will be convinced that a greater blessing was never conferred upon the world than making known the celebrated VEGETABLE RESTORATIVE PILLS, prepared by JOHN KAYE, Esq., of Dalton Hall, near Huddersfield.

ANN DIGHBY, West Bar Green, Sheffield, suffered for several years from indigestion and general debility, for which she tried various medicines, but to no purpose; but after taking a few doses of Kaye's Worsdell's Pills, she has attained to a better state of health than she had enjoyed for years.

J. WOODWARD, Crook's Place, Norwich, had a violent cough, accompanied with pains in the chest. After he had tried various medicines, without obtaining relief, a neighbour recommended Kaye's Worsdell's Pills. Before he had used the first box he was greatly relieved; and after taking three boxes, his cough left him entirely, and he began truly to enjoy his meals.

JEMIMA WHEELHOUSE, Wapping, Bradford, was so afflicted with scurvy as to be quite an object of pity; but by perseverance in the use of Kaye's Pills for six months, she was perfectly restored.

JAMES MCKENAY, George-street, Bradford, suffered greatly from swellings and sores in his legs. After having tried all sorts of medicine in vain, he took some of Kaye's Worsdell's Pills, and by persevering in their use he was cured. Being the only son and support of a widowed mother, he feels very grateful.

Mrs. DODD, 32, Seel-street, Liverpool, was so dreadfully swollen with Dropsy, that her legs were almost as large as her body, and her face so swelled that her eyes could scarcely be seen. She had also a violent cough, attended with spitting of blood. The faculty pronounced her incurable: but Kaye's Worsdell's Pills being recommended, she took them, and, in an almost incredibly short space of time, was completely cured.

JAMES PALMER, Woodhouse Close Colliery, near Bishop Auckland, was for a long time troubled with shortness of breath and tightness on the chest. By taking two boxes of Kaye's Worsdell's Pills he was effectually relieved.

Mrs. LANG, Bitton-street, Teignmouth, states that her daughter was severely afflicted with indigestion, palpitation of the heart, and overflow of blood to the head. She was ill for two years, and had the best medical advice without receiving any benefit. But after taking a few boxes of Kaye's Worsdell's Pills, she was effectually relieved, and continues in good health to the present time.

NICHOLAS TAYLOR, Litchdon-street, Barnstaple, was for many years afflicted with rheumatism, attended with excruciating pains on the nerves and muscles, and could scarcely ever dress himself without assistance. After taking one box of Kaye's Worsdell's Pills he was freed from pain, and by occasionally using them he has continued so ever since.

WILLIAM SOUTHWELL, of Upton, near Wansford, was afflicted for ten months with excruciating pains in his arms. He was for a long time under medical treatment, but obtained no relief. Having read of the astonishing cures effected by Kaye's Worsdell's Pills, he determined to try them, and by persevering in the use of them, he is completely cured.

MR. JOHN ROBERTSON, Church Officer, St. James-street, Paisley, had long suffered from pains in his chest and stomach, and no medicine gave him any material relief. He has lately used Kaye's Worsdell's Pills, and the happy result has been that he is almost freed from his sore suffering.

MR. J. WHITE, of Poole, derived great benefit from the use of Kaye's Worsdell's Pills, during the intense heat of the summer. He found them valuable, both as a gentle aperient and a good tonic. His wife was cured of a violent cough by taking only six doses of them. Her mother had been quite cured of inflammation of the bowels, by adhering closely to the directions.

JOSEPH CURTIS, of Dorchester, about five years of age, has been subject to the Croup. His father states that he has invariably found that a dose or two of Kaye's Pills gives immediate relief.

DAVID VIVIAN, of Abbotsbury, Dorset, was in a very weak state of health, supposed to be in a deep decline. Kaye's Worsdell's Pills were recommended to him, from taking which he has received astonishing relief, and is able to attend to the duties of his occupation.

MRS. ELLEN RODGERSON, No. 2, Stephen-street, Liverpool, was for six months afflicted with inflammation of the stomach, and a diseased liver, and was almost bent double with pain, and reduced to a mere skeleton. Two doctors attended her, but gave her up as incurable. After taking two boxes of Kaye's Worsdell's Pills she was quite restored, and able to attend to her domestic affairs.

JOHN KEECH, of Dorchester, suffered much from Rheumatism and other complaints for more than twenty years. He tried every means recommended, but without success. The Agent induced him to try Kaye's Worsdell's Pills, and after taking them for about a fortnight, he was able to walk about, and in three weeks he resumed his usual occupation.

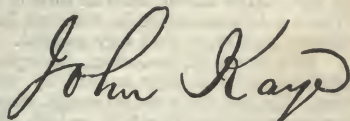
MR. DUNING, of Lytchett, near Poole, had every symptom of deep decline, and his case was considered hopeless. He obtained a box of Kaye's Worsdell's Pills, and finding himself much better from the use of them, he persevered till he had taken about six boxes, when he was restored to perfect health. Instead of a poor emaciated frame, with sunken eyes, and a deep hollow cough, he is now a fine, fresh, lively man.

MR. JAMES KENNEWELL, Farmer, of Burton Coggles, near Grantham, was afflicted for about two years with severe attacks of bloody flux. Having tried the surgeons in this neighbourhood, at considerable expense, to very little purpose, he made trial of Kaye's Worsdell's Pills, which have not only relieved him, but restored him to the full enjoyment of his usual health.

SARAH, wife of James Broadbent, of Quick-hedge, near Mossley, was for two years in a very weak and languid condition. She had advice and medicine from several doctors, without obtaining the least relief. She obtained a box of the Vegetable Restorative Pills, and after taking eight pills, she voided a tape-worm of great length. She has been so remarkably benefited, that her husband says he is better pleased than if he had received a present of twenty pounds.

THE ASTONISHING SUCCESS which has uniformly followed the use of this most salutary FAMILY MEDICINE has induced some unprincipled persons to advertise Pills bearing a similar name, and professing to have similar properties. As these spurious compounds may prove as injurious to the patient as the genuine medicine is beneficial, purchasers are particularly requested to observe that the Vegetable Restorative Pills are prepared *solely* by JOHN KAYE, Esq., of Dalton Hall, near Huddersfield.

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THE CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT, OF E. MOSES and SON.

In excellence of material, in beauty of fashion, and in superior workmanship, E. Moses and Son's Clothing Establishment stands as "*The Great Unrivalled.*"

The bespoke and ready-made department of the Houses have been favoured with an amount of public support never before realised by any House, in any city, in any kingdom, in any age. And with this fact before us, it is but just to the proprietors to conclude, that a vast amount of public patronage has been brought about by a vast amount of recommendations on the part of the proprietors.

Be it clearly stated, that while unmatched excellence *has* distinguished and *still* distinguishes the Clothing of E. Moses and Son, economy, economy, economy has been stamped in legible characters on every article of dress.

Special attention is invited to the present Autumn and Winter Stock.

Choice articles in beauteous styles appear,
Eclipsing each in each preceding year.

THE HAT ESTABLISHMENT.

The Hat Establishment of E. Moses and Son is deserving of equal recommendation.

It is at the "head" of the trade, and "tops" every other warehouse of the kind. The peculiar beauty of the Hats purchased here, have called forth marks of the most distinguished approbation from all classes of gentlemen.

So light are the Hats manufactured by E. MOSES and SON that they are scarcely felt upon the head. Economy is here also carried out, and *a choice Hat is obtainable at a very moderate price*, the Proprietors not being dependent on *this* branch of their trade.

Buy Hats at MOSES's—you will find them there
As fine as satin, and as light as air.

THE HOSIERY ESTABLISHMENT.

Variety, extent, superiority, and economy are the distinguishing characteristics of this Establishment. Every possible description of Hosiery is sold here, and the highest encomiums have been passed upon the Warehouse.

Here you will find whatever you require,
And all the articles you'll much admire.

THE OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT.

Ask that Sailor—ask that Emigrant—ask that Colonist—and ask that Foreigner what is the character of E. Moses and Son's Outfitting Establishment? Each will tell you that while the Outfits are the best that were ever borne upon wave, they are as save you at least 40 per cent.

Foreigners, Sailors, and Emigrants, too,
Can prove how the Outfits of Moses out-do.

THE FUR ESTABLISHMENT.

This branch spread out from the *great tree* of Moses and Son's trade on the 20th of October, 1846. It has no rival, but stands "alone in its glory" as a Fur Establishment.

Every species of modern adoption is *here to be met with; and as manufacturers of the articles*, the Proprietors have shown themselves matchless. The most exorbitant prices of the Fur trade are now put an end to, and economy is here also to be found, through the medium of E. Moses and Son.

Well seasoned Furs, and Furs superbly made,
Are purchased at the "Parthenon of Trade."

Gratis and post-free!—The Autumn and Winter Book, descriptive of the Houses, and interspersed with poetical tales, &c., together with a novel system of self-measurement, important to country residents.

TAKE NOTICE.—The prices of the articles are marked in plain figures, and no abatement can be made. Observe also, that any article may be exchanged, or that the money paid may be returned.

*** The Establishment closes at sun-set on Fridays, until sun-set on Saturdays, when business is resumed till 12 o'clock.

ESSENTIAL CAUTION.—E. Moses and Son are under the necessity of guarding the public against imposition, having learned that the untradesmanlike falsehood of "being connected with them," or "It's the same concern," has been resorted to in many instances and for obvious reasons. The Proprietors have no connection with any other house, and those who would prevent disappointment should observe the address,

**E. MOSES & SON, Tailors, Woollen Drapers, Hosiery, Furriers,
Hatters, &c.,**

154, 155, 156, & 157 Minories, & 83, 84, 85, & 86, Aldgate, City.